1615

THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume XI — New York, Wednesday, January 1, 1930 — Number 9

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Published weekly and copyrighted 1929, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

CERBERUS ON TRIAL

THAT the treatment of criminals is both muddled and ominous practically everywhere in the United States is as plain as the architecture of a brick kiln. The evidence is not limited to the abundant supply furnished by a series of bloody riots. It is not even confined to the dossiers of recent reports, one of them by the Attorney-general of the United States. You get it from the writings of almost every intelligent person who has had anything to do with the administration of justice from the police courts to the parole board. That most of our prisons are terrible holes, antiquated, uncomfortable and vice-ridden, is news which might be discounted to some extent by the reflection that they remain, after all, better than the jails of fifty years ago. Here, at least, improvement can be effected rather easily. The real danger point in the whole situation is the utter confusion of ideas regarding the nature of penal justice.

During more than a century humanitarianism has been attacking the old conception of the criminal. The logical outcome was the social worker, who brings a variety of sciences to bear upon delinquency. In certain respects this worker has learned to agree with his fellows, and there is really something like a codex of psychiatric and preventive rules. Much of it may be wrong, but the only way mistakes can be corrected is through taking advantage of experience. But what is its fundamental value, if it cannot be correlated either with public opinion or the administration of justice? Humanitarianism has set up waves of mere sentiment, of cheap bosh, which play around a succession of desperate offenders like a flood of pink calcium light. On the other hand there are concurrent waves of vindictiveness, which are not content merely to bubble round actual offenders but which fashion new modes of crime and then clamor for their punishment. Humanitarianism has also affected not a few of those to whom society confides the law-breakers. Some of them are veritable sob sisters; others go to the opposite extreme and pattern their souls upon the model of the exceedingly well-done egg.

It is clear, for instance, that the Mutual Welfare League, a form of convict self-government which has functioned in at least two New York prisons, is a step too far in the direction of benevolence. It is likewise clear that isolation as used in many jails has often been cruelly unjust. Similarly, one knows that while the privilege of free trial by a jury of peers has re-

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sulted in leniency for dangerous men, the old inquisitorial system (so often identified with the benighted past) has been restored in forms which are particularly menacing because secret and all but illegal. Finally, the preventive benefit sought by the imposition of long-term sentences has so increased the number of virtual "lifers" that proper segregation of men who are to be restored to society is impossible. The modern jailer, in short, is a person instructed by the public to accomplish two things which are diametrically contradictory.

Has society itself—as a formula of principle based upon reason—any adequate knowledge of what it is trying to do with crime? It must seek its safety, calmly and resolutely. Therefore it exacts the death penalty of certain malefactors and places others under lock and key. Two things ought, however, to follow from such actions: first, that those who are executed are really those who most directly menace their fellow-men; second, that those who are jailed should either remain there as long as they are dangerous, or be corrected so that upon release they will be as gentle as lambs. Are we actually getting these results? A glance at the trial records certainly indicates that the severest penalties are meted out to citizens whose sins have been unique and born in anger. But rogues of the worst description, who follow up one deed of violence with another, flit in and out of the penitentiary much as a sufferer from diabetes comes and goes from his doctor's office. Prisons cannot be both corrective institutions and penal colonies. Retaliation has never in all history been a cure.

We do not profess to have any remedy for the situation. Indeed, it is abundantly evident that all hope for improvement lies in finding the right sort of leadership, which in turn can give the public authority in exchange for support. Today the leader cannot be merely a person who has had experience. He must also be a trained man, even an exceptionally well-trained man. The universities have no greater obligation than this—to build up a sociological profession, interested not merely in theory or science but schooled in the art of molding human character. So long as we confide the major problems of criminology to the police and the juries, there is no hope for real progress. The policeman is properly a guardian, a soldier; the jury is a witness to guilt or innocence. Neither can tell us what to do. And whatever else may be said regarding the matter, it is at least sure that something must be done.

And not the least part of that something is to forestall the creation of further crimes. The habit of erecting a pet virtue into a civil law must be curtailed if we are to keep what remains of our social integrity from disintegrating entirely. Cerberus, the watch-dog, is on trial. But it is almost as necessary that our criminal Charon, in control of the passing from virtue to crime, should exercise his function with a certain semblance of common sense.

WEEK BY WEEK

CONSUMMATE magnificence enshrined the reception accorded the Italian royal family by the newly constituted papal city. All that historic custom and renaissance art have bequeathed of means to symbolize authority was employed for an occasion which marked the final step in reconquered friendliness between the Vatican and the Quirinal. It may be that here and there in a world grown singularly plain in its conception of human relations this ceremonial was looked upon with an unfriendly eye. Few would deny the importance of the event, which offset so pertinently the storming of Rome nearly sixty years ago. But why, one is asked, this downpour of lavish display and tinsel? The answer is simple. To the Church one looks for sovereign expression of all the virtues of humanity, as these are strong with Divine grace; and surely the hour when justice is victorious, when amicable peace has once again been restored between the powers which govern the race, has an illustrious virtue of its own. Not often does the time for such outcries of triumph arrive. In a moment, even in less than the twinkling of an eye, the Church is wrapped in the desolation of mourning, bare and terrible as the Cross of Golgotha. And between these two extremes there are the appointed places of all other spiritual states—serene joy and hard work, penitence and meditation.

Triumph and Suffering in Review

NOTICE, for instance, the beatification of the English martyrs and the observance of the thousandth anniversary of Saint Wenceslas, king of the Czechs, both of which events were nearly contemporary with the visit of the Italian sovereigns. For the first Rome was generous with festive symbols designed to express the honor which accrues to the English race for having reared so stalwart a company of the faithful. But who was not conscious of the meaning of their story? One hundred and thirty-six priests, laymen and women, selected from three hundred named in the records, gave their lives under Tudor and Stuart kings rather than abjure even a fragment of their belief. Thus out of the past there looms up an array of prisons and gallows where death was swallowed up in victory—a victory concealed from the gaze, however, by the progressive estrangement of England from a Catholic culture it once held dearer than life itself, and the subsequent progressive secularization which all but dried up its religious energy. The relics of the martyrs are now encased in the universal Catholic altar, mute testimonials to an everlasting and sorrowful campaign to redeem the world. Centuries before Wenceslas, so beloved to the English that his name recurs in their ballads, bore witness to the same truth. And while the Czechs gathered in their great Prague cathedral to venerate his memory, the Holy Father addressed to them a commemorative letter some words

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from which may well serve as a conclusion to these remarks: "He was therefore a witness to the Christian faith placing, according to the words of Aquinas, 'little value on the things which are seen' so that he might receive treasures undiscerned." That, after all, is the lesson inherent in every symbol.

Holland and Belgium

THE approach of the hundredth anniversary of Belgium's secession from Holland lends a rather special emphasis to certain developments in modern Belgium which may yet prove of the greatest significance to the rest of Europe. At the time of secession, Flemings and Walloons, despite the most pronounced linguistic and cultural differences, acted as Belgians and as Catholics resenting the domination of Protestant Holland. France was naturally their ally, more because of a brotherhood in faith than because French was the mother tongue of the Walloons. Now, however, religious differences between Belgium and Holland are considerably lessened, while the strife between Walloons and Flemings must act to turn Flemish sympathies toward the Dutch. Eventually the Flemish are bound to win in their demands for a full recognition of their own language, and the chance to maintain Flemish culture, for they are the majority in Belgium. A hundred years more, and the world may be coupling Belgium with Holland instead of with France.

Jews in Russia

FURTHER light on the condition of religion in Russia is desirable. All too frequently the situation is dismissed with a simple reference to some one fact which is held to explain everything. Among such references none has been more popular than the statement that Sovietism is the creature of Jews, who use it as a weapon against Christianity. How utterly stupid this theory is has long since been evident to those who have familiarized themselves, in a measure, with the evidence. But we have just read a copy of the address delivered by Mr. Leo M. Glaseman, prominent correspondent for a Jewish news agency, to the recent American Jewish Congress. The chief purpose of the speaker, whose years in Russia have educated him well, was to oppose the "ridiculous policy of silent diplomacy and leniency toward the Soviet government" which seems to have been adopted by various groups of Jews and Christians resident in other countries. Mr. Glaseman feels not only that the official attitude toward religion could hardly be worse, but that the situation in which Russian Jews find themselves is particularly grave. These last must face not merely the opposition of the Moscow authorities but also the fury of the Yevsektzia, as the group of renegade Communist Jews is called.

THOUGH much in the following excerpt from the address could be applied equally well to Catholic and Protestant groups, it will enable us primarily to realize the desperation with which Russian Jews confront the present and the future: "It is a totally new, different and very formidable set of circumstances that faces the Jew in Soviet Russia. The liquidation of synagogues and yeshivas is not in itself the most dangerous fact. When a synagogue is converted into a workers' club, the Jews arrange to conduct their services in some private house. The people can cope with such things. The dangerous element in the situation lies in the fact that the Soviet government, through the Yevsektzia, is setting the new generation against the old, son against father, child against parent. This is done with the aid of destructive methods, such as have *never been employed on so large a scale in any other* country. Educational weapons are effectively supplemented with physical terrorism and intimidation. A moral wall is being erected between the children and the parents; and there are many cases where the parents deliberately choose to abandon the Jewish practices, because they realize but too well the possible and probable consequences of loyalty. Parents whose children are discovered eating matzoth are discharged from their positions; children whose parents are discovered eating matzoth are expelled from school." Mr. Glaseman urges his American fellows to protest vigorously and directly. One may well think it high time that the whole world protested.

Defending the Board

TO DATE the severest critics of the Federal Farm Board have proved its very best friends; the remarks of Mr. J. H. Barnes and the commission grain dealers having served chiefly to endear the Board to the various farm organizations. It will be recalled that in his testimony to the lobbying investigators, Mr. Barnes appeared to be taking credit for precautionary admonitions which had persuaded the Board to give the grain dealers a hearing before arriving at any important decision, and to require the farm marketing organizations to pay the standard commercial interest rate on government loans. On these points, Chairman Legge's letter of explanation was most emphatic. The Farm Board will not require the coöperative organizations to pay the full commercial interest rate, and "the Board will not submit its policies to the grain trade before action." He added, "I do not think Mr. Barnes intended to convey this impression."

WHETHER Mr. Barnes intended it or not, this was the interpretation generally put upon his remarks, and the result has been a very ardent defense of Chairman Legge and the Farm Board by farm relief leaders both in Congress and on the outside. The real significance of the episode is in its demonstration that the Farm Board has already acquired a considerable support in the circles where that is most desirable. Regarding Mr. Barnes's criticism of the constitutionality of the Farm Board's proceedings, Chairman Legge

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made the obvious comment that such a quarrel should be with Congress, not with the Board. "We are carrying out the provisions of the act which created the Board in what we believe to be the best interests of the American farmer, for whose benefit the legislation was passed. We are willing to be judged by what we do." It may not be a very complete answer, but in view of the fact that Mr. Barnes had nothing to say about unconstitutionality at the time of the Board's creation, and that his present objections seem made to fit a situation which must be disappointing to him, it is fair enough.

SIGNIFICANTLY enough the general attitude toward business remains frankly pessimistic. It may be that American psychology manifests a tendency toward extremes of bliss and woe—that whereas everybody was doing lip-service to prosperity a year ago, the same everybody is now committed to unrelieved gloom. The crash in stocks coincided with the usual annual decline in production, and one must not be accepted too confidently as the cause of the other. It is nevertheless evident that some aspects of the situation are genuinely disturbing. Employment has fallen off, and the disposition to refuse inexperienced help is increasing. The weakness of the automotive trade has caused some of this, no doubt; but the growing number of white-collar employees out of a job in various large cities is both well attested to and difficult to explain. Rumor also has it that there has been a marked decline from the normal Christmas trade, and the point is supported by considerable evidence regarding the status of commerce as a whole. Such dismal facts cannot be offset entirely by dwelling on the good effect which tax reduction and public building programs are likely to have. It is surely a time when critical consciousness, which not long ago seemed to have deserted us as a people, is coming back into favor.

Falling Barometers

SENATOR HARRISON hopes that Mr. Coolidge will not be persuaded to enter the Senate, to "bury his hopes and aspirations in this august body." Those hopes and aspirations refer, of course, to a third term, and Senator Harrison's concern to see them green and flourishing must be prompted by a thought of the dissensions they might create, the embarrassments which they might cause the Republican party. He says further that the "adroit politicians" arranging for the unopposed renomination of President Hoover, are responsible for Dwight Morrow's entrance into the Senate. Very probably Senator Harrison was speaking in jest, for it is hard to see how the presidential prospects of Mr. Morrow, at least, have been injured by his transfer from Mexico City to Washington. But we almost wish it were possible to consider the Senate in every case as the cemetery of White House aspirations. For then it could be written that in a given year a given President disposed of a given rival by luring him to Washington and clapping him into the senatorial dungeon. Thus some color would be given to present-day politics which differ from the ancient principally in that they have the intrigue without the adventure.

A Presidential Graveyard

THE decision of the Democratic Committee of Alabama to bar from the party primaries all who bolted the presidential ticket in 1928 has received more praise than reproach, although from this distance we can see cause for neither. As we understand it, personal prejudices did not enter into the decision; the resolution was introduced by a prohibitionist, and a number of wets voted against it. It was strictly a disciplinary measure. Doubtless the Committee, being a party committee, has done well to withhold the party privileges from all who are unreliable according to the party's point of view, and doubtless the most notable of the bolters, Senator Heflin, has done well to proclaim his candidacy as an independent. We can understand that Senator Heflin could not allow a committee's verdict to end his political career; we can understand, too, that a reputable Democrat of Alabama might feel relief to unshoulder responsibility for Senator Heflin. In other states it will not matter greatly whether the voters of Alabama decide with the committee or with the Senator. On the whole he has done more good than harm, even to the causes for which he reserves his most smoky sentiments, and perhaps that is why, among many of the champions of those causes, he is an object of good-will, even affection.

The Committee and Heflin

MANY important discoveries in the last fifty years have added tremendously to the knowledge of medical scientists, but the effort to make the results of these findings more widely available to mankind has been less successful. Even some very large cities, as we learn from mortality statistics, have none of the serum needed against a virulent form of pneumonia. From time to time the press carries thrilling accounts of arduous trips made by plane and dog sleds, to bring such a common antitoxin as that against diphtheria into some isolated camp or settlement. This condition applies even more tragically to the surgical and medical specialist. Often the sick must make long journeys to the centres for skilled care. In view of these facts the expedition which is described as "the flying clinics of the Pan-American Medical Association" sets a precedent which is almost epochal. This experiment in modern medical research and education will set out from Miami this month with a personnel and equipment for demonstrations, lectures and even operations in eleven Central and South American republics. Modern development of

Winged Clinics

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the airplane will make possible a journey over 6,000 miles of sea and mountains in only thirteen days. The effect of such a visit must necessarily be incalculably great; it is to be hoped that it will be so successful that many other associations will be moved to follow its example in the future.

A Marrow Bone

WE RUBBED our eyes the other day over the news that Mr. Chesterton's Magic had been revived at one of the smaller New York theatres. Here at last was an item almost too good to be true, gleaming in a list of items unfortunately too true. This is not only the greatest modern mystery play (in old and new senses of the term) but a digest of the excellences of its author which merits absorbing over and over again. In handling the eternally vague Duke and the indefatigably scientific Reverend Cyril Smith, Mr. Chesterton is a greater satirist than he has ever managed to be again; in analyzing youthful love and the shock of the mysterious, he is a better poet of fantasy than he has ever managed to be again. Of course not everybody will agree that the author of so many books carved his masterpiece in miniature. What interests us primarily is another matter entirely. When Magic was written, people believed that if you wanted to be a symbolist, you had to be like Maeterlinck; that if you insisted upon being a realist, Pinero was your man; and that if you were bent on poking fun at errant humanity it was absolutely necessary to be cold and brilliant like Wilde or Shaw. In other words, specialization was the thing, despite the element of artificiality involved. But Mr. Chesterton sat down and, almost in the twinkling of an eye, was all three. And it is a fair bet that when Maeterlinck has been forgotten, when Pinero has faded out of the record and Shaw is being read with the help of a glossary, citizens will still crowd a little theatre to obtain a glimpse of magic.

Saint Hilda Guild

IT IS a recurring pleasure for The Commonweal to announce to its readers the successive exhibitions of the Saint Hilda Guild. This association was founded in New York fifteen years ago "to raise the standard of church art," especially as that applies to vestures, linens and embroideries, and has fulfilled its purpose with impressive and increasing success. The commissions executed by the Guild combine liturgical correctness with a beauty of design and a skill of workmanship recalling the high days of needlecraft, often they actually embody the unique patterns of a vanished time, reviving for general inspiration and delight colors and lines which have a classic value and which would otherwise live on only in museum pieces. Work so choice and special will never be as widely multiplied as might be wished, but the Guild's fame has become much more than national, and it exercises an educational and artistic influence proportionately great. The forthcoming exhibition will be held at the Guild rooms, 131 East 47th Street, Manhattan, on January 22, 23, 24 and 25, from ten o'clock in the morning until six in the evening. The specially notable work completed during the year will be shown, including orders for churches and chapels, both here and abroad, and as a pièce de resistance, a copy of Charlemagne's coronation robe, the original of which is now in the Vatican City Treasury. We recommend the exhibition to students of ecclesiastical art and lovers of the beautiful.

Middle-western Women

WE SHALL always have sectional traditions, of course. One would have said, however, that those traditions which ascribe some particular monopoly of qualities to some particular geographic group—as, hospitality, honesty, laziness, charm—tend to be less and less believed as more and more people get about and observe the very average distribution of these characteristics over the face of the continent. Thus one is a little startled to come upon the monopoly theory stated quite seriously, and with a considerable backing of statistics, by a special writer in the New York World. This writer canvassed some of the city's chief employment agencies with the query, What part of the country furnishes New York with its most successful women workers? The answer was, in every case, "The Middle-West." Advertising, journalism, promotion, merchandising—what one agency director called "the big-league jobs" in the business world—have an ever larger contingent of women born and brought up between Ohio and the Dakotas. This is, of course, a magnificent record; and to whichever one of many conjectural factors it may be due—co-education, the middle-western "booster spirit," the happy middle-western racial amalgam, or the proud middle-western aloofness from the effete conditions of the eastern seaboard—it deserves unstinted praise. But perhaps the sectional balance is more nearly redressed than might at first be apparent by the fact casually recorded in one of the answers returned to the World's investigator: "Southern girls know how to get along with men in business. I'll say that for them."

Measuring Noise

A NEWLY invented noise meter is just now engaging the attention of the British public. In a demonstration before the Institution of Electrical Engineers, it was described as a device "which it is hoped will enable a noise to be analyzed and measured in one minute." The mind leaps at once, of course, to make the connection between this interesting possibility and the recently organized campaign for quiet on our own side of the Atlantic. So far as we know, the Noise Abatement Commission which is officially seeing to the matter over here is still measuring noises by the old-fashioned expedient of estimating, through the mere medium of the consciousness, the

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crepitations upon the hammer, anvil and stirrup bones. It is difficult not to feel a certain chagrin at being beaten by the British at our own technological game—particularly as our President is an engineer, and Mr. MacDonald is not. However, the thought of Mr. Hoover brings allaying considerations. If the constituent clamors of the universal din in which we live were to be regularly analyzed and measured, it could only be with the idea of using the results as a basis for rationing out corresponding maximums of sound. But before, say, a riveter, a siren and a truck could be put upon the ratio of 5—5—3, a unit of noise would obviously have to be determined on—in a word, a yardstick. This invokes the parallel memory of Mr. Hoover's famous and as yet non-existent naval yardstick. Noise and navies equally should be kept down, for our peace. But if the unit of the first is as hard to seize upon as the unit of the second recently proved to be, perhaps it is a fairer division of worry to let the British do it.

LONDON: 1930

THERE will be no more important news this month than the opening of the general naval conference at London, and optimism over its outcome is such that even the memory of the Geneva Conference of 1927 fails to depress it. For we know now that the desire for peace in the world must be sincere and widespread if the suspicions and disappointments in which the Geneva Conference ended did not put an end to such assemblages forever; if it is possible to open another, in an atmosphere of sympathy and good feeling, two years after that failure.

During these two years, which might so easily have been two years of apathy and resignation, the forces of peace have really been more active than ever before. The Kellogg pact has been inaugurated, and has begun to accumulate a rather substantial prestige. Many of the obstacles to success at Geneva have been removed, most conspicuously the disagreement on what should constitute parity in cruiser strength, a quarrel over which the Geneva Conference directly came to grief. How insuperable this difficulty appeared in those days! And then the big-navy propagandists who sought to discredit the Geneva Conference at every turn have themselves been so thoroughly discredited as to create a general wish for another conference in which their pressure would not be felt. This, certainly, is not one of the slighter contributions to the hope of disarmament.

The basic problem, of course, remains the same. This conference must seek an agreement between five powers, each of which has its peculiar needs. We have long ago seen that this is much more complex than a problem of ratios. Regardless of relative strength, an entirely different character of navy is required to patrol Japan's islands than is needed to look after the coast line and the territorial possessions of the United States. London's advantage over Geneva is that during these two years we have really begun to understand something about these special needs. And this means not only that we know more of England's needs than we did, and England of ours, but that we know more of our own, and the English of their own. Also we are beginning to comprehend, however slowly, the truth in the statement that, if the nations dependent chiefly upon armies are willing to accept smaller navies, then the nations dependent chiefly upon navies can afford to accept smaller fleets themselves.

And so we expect handsome results from the conference at London. Certain hindrances are out of the way and, what is equally important, the conference will open in a more cordial temper than did any of its predecessors. Much of the credit for that, of course, goes to President Hoover and to Premier MacDonald, for whatever else was accomplished by their famous conversations, they did create a friendly background for the conference, and set up for it a prediction of success. Japan, France, Italy, Great Britain and the United States will attempt to adjust differences, and establish compromises in the same reasonable way in which Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald reached an agreement on cruiser parity last fall.

MR. MORROW'S SHADOW

RUMOR will have it that a rather extensive revision of the list of United States diplomats operative in Latin America is under way. This does not imply of necessity a critique of the personnel. It means rather that Washington senses the need for a more compactly organized representation having both ability and prestige. The President, we may be sure, has not taken his eye from those southern problems and possibilities which he investigated personally almost the day after his election. Then, too, the Latin-American scene has a number of characteristics which are not directly political in character. The extent to which racial and religious bickering has hampered good-will in the nuovo mundo is almost beyond belief. Even Mr. Roosevelt, from his perch in Porto Rico, ought to note this circumstance carefully. What (and who) is the Golden Rule Foundation, to whom he has appealed on behalf of native children?

At present there exist four particularly troublesome sources of danger. We shall pass over two—Cuba and Colombia—wherein financial manipulations have created no little flurry. It is more interesting to observe the manner of creature which, labeled Mexico, now walks in Mr. Morrow's shadow. The voyage of the dictators Calles and Rubio into these parts was not wholly triumphant. Steady and noticeable currents of antagonism more than offset what was publicly said under the guise of official welcome. Indeed, the Calles trip well-nigh ended in a rout, with Secretary Stimson informing Mr. John Valls, the Texas district attorney, that since the former Mexican President had

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come to Washington to enjoy a "diplomatic conversation" he could not very becomingly be arrested on a charge of murder.

So far as Señor Rubio is concerned, his one attempt to discuss an important problem resulted in what was either bungling or letting the cat out of the bag. He declared that the religious conflict was ended because the Church had accepted the laws in force. Almost immediately Archbishop Ruiz issued a contradictory statement, asserting that the Church had not relinquished the "right to seek a solution of the conflict through the amendment of the laws," and stressing the fact that the "good-will" manifested by President Portes Gil had been the indispensable prelude to the present modus vivendi. Put these statements together and you have the religious situation in Mexico precisely where it was three years ago, with the difference that open and lawless hostility has given way to legalized opposition. Nothing has been "settled," although priests and bishops have gone back to their posts with some assurance of being tolerated. To claim more is to indulge in mere twaddle.

Much the same conclusion may be arrived at with regard to the advancement of democracy. We believe that the campaign made by José Vasconcelos was a step forward. But the road which remains to be traversed is a veritable hike through Tibet, commonly reported to be a mountainous country indeed. It is clear once more that General Calles is the power behind the existing Mexican throne; that Washington considers him an indispensable party to any conversation bearing upon vital interests; and that, therefore, the political situation south of the Rio Grande has not changed by a hair. Interesting enough is the petition presented to the Mexican House of Representatives by the Non-reëlection party, asking that the election of Ortiz Rubio be declared void. Six assertions are made: "That before the elections and the time they took place there was pressure by the government authorities to obtain votes for Ortiz Rubio; that there was violence on the part of said authorities at the polls; that there was fraud in the computations made at the polls; that numerous polls were set up in violation of the electoral law; that the secrecy of the ballot was shamelessly violated; and that in the majority of the said polls throughout the country representatives of the Non-reëlection party were not allowed to vote." The authors of the petition candidly admit that they do not expect the House to act. Apparently theirs was merely another case of "going on record, till something happens."

Nobody ought to be led to believe that a situation which reposes upon such foundations will prove either healthy or permanent. It has a decidedly significant economic implication, and can probably not be altered until some new method of approach is suggested through a realignment of Pan-American opinion. Meanwhile, of course, the position of the Catholic Church in Mexico has improved. An unparalleled opportunity presents itself to furnish aid from this side of the border, and the wonder of it is that such a chance has not been seized upon. Much could be done to aid the formation of the Mexican clergy, to strengthen the social welfare and educational power of the Catholic group, and to manifest a genuine friendliness which might ultimately become a most advantageous influence.

When one turns to the fourth source of trouble (Haiti) there is comfort in the thought that the President will appoint a competent investigating commission. It was just this kind of body which we advocated for Mexico, to no avail in spite of the glaring need. Nowhere else has the kind of officialdom of which some Americans are past masters and upon which the rest of the world looks with undiluted irritation, been carried so far as on this island of arrowroot and mahogany. Some of the current problems can be traced to racial divagations and to disagreement about economic measures which affect differently the sharply contrasted urban and rural populations. But certainly no other cause of ill feeling is so deep and real as the way in which officials appointed by the Department of Agriculture have handled the educational development of Haiti. They have done such things as commandeer city parks and high-hat the native savants. But the chief source of discontent is beyond doubt the parallel system of elementary schools which has been established under the governance of Dr. George F. Freeman. Haitian teachers who receive a mere pittance behold a new race of imported pedagogues, indifferent to island tradition and showered with relatively handsome stipends.

That some of these matters are bothering Catholic authorities in Haiti is evident from the circumstance that the Archbishop of Cap-Haïtien devoted a recent pastoral letter to the occupation. Though he stoutly upheld the good intentions of the United States and gently chided his followers for their previous inability to improve the status of their country, he none the less conceded that many aspects of the present situation are exceedingly trying. It is curious that the instrument of public education, often thought to be one of the best gifts America can offer to less advanced peoples, generally proves the origin of deep resentment. At any rate the subject calls for careful and intelligent inquiry.

Latin America—potentially the land of almost immeasurable progress—is still manifestly in transition. Some districts have reached a degree of prosperity and social self-control which may well be envied. Others are struggling with racial and economic diseases inherited from an earlier generation. The formula the United States must adopt for its activity is no simple one. Evidently, however, the first requisite is a diplomatic and political leadership that cannot be obtained by chance but must result from thoughtful planning. We believe that Mr. Hoover is an excellent man for this kind of job.

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ENEMIES OLD AND NEW

By T. LAWRASON RIGGS

Catholic progress in the world depends, at least in a measure, upon the alignment of forces hostile to the Church. In a recent book Mr. Hilaire Belloc analyzed this situation with his customary verve and directness. Survivals and New Arrivals, published by the Macmillan Company, seems to us of such general interest that we are glad to publish the following paper by Father Riggs, which is an extended review of the book. The fact that Mr. Belloc and his critic are not in complete agreement merely adds flavor to a discussion that deals with fundamental aspects of modern culture.—The Editors.

SURELY there is no kind of book in which the versatile Mr. Belloc gives us more of himself, more brilliance and more food for thought, than one about the Catholic Church. Such is the present study of the various forces hostile to the Church, their distinctive features, their relative strength and their prospects for the future. These forces are divided into those that have existed for some time and those that are comparatively new. First to be dealt with among the former are the Survivals, grouped in order of relative strength, beginning with the weakest, as follows: (i) The Biblical Attack, (ii) Materialism, (iii) The "Wealth and Power" Argument, (iv) The Historical Argument, and (v) Scientific Negation. Factors in The Main Opposition are next considered, including (i) Nationalism, (ii) Anti-Clericalism and (iii) The "Modern Mind," by which is meant an unintelligent and degenerate popular mood, reflecting various phases of more impressive thought.

The new force to which the author devotes most of his attention is neo-paganism. Formidable as it is, this force, with its anti-morality and its despair, does not seem likely to retain its ascendancy for long. Will it be replaced by a new religion? Christian Science seems unable to furnish external proof, while spiritualism, though appealing to testimony of considerable impressiveness, has no philosophic unity. If a new religion is coming, Mr. Belloc reaches the conclusion that it will come

> By the satisfaction of that Messianic mood with which, paradoxically, the despair of the new paganism is shot. . . . Let an individual arise with the capacity or chance to crystallize these hopes and the enemy will have arrived. For anti-Christ will be a man.

The anti-Catholic forces of the present day are discussed by Mr. Belloc with great freshness of approach and with characteristic brilliance. His analyses are often as convincing as they are keen. The treatment of materialism and scientific negation as separate forces may well be questioned, and surely Communism calls for more than passing mention. The choice and ranking of the forces considered, however, is on the whole well supported by argument.

On the other hand, the soundness of many points made in the book is open to question. One may cite the unqualified endorsement given to the Italian and Spanish dictatorships and the description of former European absolute monarchies as governments in which the whole nation was ruled from one centre, supporting the weak against the strong and curbing the influence of riches.

These flings at parliamentary government are, however, to be expected, and Mr. Belloc could argue ably in their support. But his statement that the anti-Catholic hostility of American freemasonry "is prominent in almost exact proportion to the local strength of the Church" is the exact opposite of the facts. A curious refutation of materialism is found in the following sentence:

> What we call "experience of matter" is not an experience of matter at all, but something very different, to wit, an experience of the mind—which, by some action of its own, presumes a thing called matter and predicates it as a cause.

The antithesis here made seems to be based on two different senses of the word "of," and to involve philosophic idealism. Does Mr. Belloc actually maintain, as he might seem here to imply, that our consciousnesses do not directly experience matter?

The present reviewer, moreover, finds more serious reasons for disagreement. To put the matter briefly, Mr. Belloc fails to appreciate the Church's power of adaptation and the Church's power of assimilation. His conception of her nature is too static and too exclusive; despite his analyses and discriminations it remains an oversimple viewpoint. Thus, in dealing with the Catholic ideal of union of Church and state, though he is quite right in stating that this is the ideal for "a homogeneous Catholic society," he goes on to say that this ideal "is not something vague to be aimed at in the future, it is a living historical memory of recent date." Yet the question is far more complicated. Surely no future relationship between Church and state, however completely expressive of the Catholic ideal, is likely to be of the same kind as those of the past. Future states will be different from past states, and the Church, in her choice of means, is capable of adapting herself to changed conditions. In the Lateran treaty, for instance, the Church has gained pontifical independence, but by means entirely different from the former states of the Church, and quite unpredictable even in the nineteenth century. The solution of the Roman question could well have been described, five years ago, as "something vague to be aimed at in the future." Solutions of the problems of Church and state are surely, in a similar way,

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dependent on future contingencies with which the universal Church, we may confidently hope, will be capable of dealing.

Again, is it true that

> Compulsory universal education clashes with every canon of Catholic social ethics, *even in its compulsion, even in its universality,* but especially in its choice of what it considers essentials?

The words which I have italicized are, to say the least, highly debatable. Certainly the Church denies the state's right to a monopoly of education, certainly she disagrees with the "laic" ideal of such education. Does she, granted her rights and those of parents, combat the compulsion and universality as such? The question cannot be decided by noting that in the thirteenth century "education was by choice," since no other arrangement was then remotely possible. Can one conceive, however, of a future society, capable of requiring at least a modicum of universal education, in which the Church, though satisfied with the nature of the education and the recognition of her own and of family rights, will say: "I prefer that parents should be allowed to leave their children illiterate if they prefer"? If Mr. Belloc's contention were the true one, the charge of obscurantism would be indeed well founded! Once more he has failed to recognize the Church's power of adapting herself to changing historical conditions, once more he predicts her future solely with reference to her past.

His failure to grasp the Church's power of assimilation, so eloquently dwelt on by Newman as a criterion of Catholic doctrinal development, is evident in many passages. That the Church "has no borderland of partial agreement with error" is true if the error be considered simply as error. But she emphatically realizes that, as Saint Augustine said, "there is no false doctrine which is not intermingled with some truth," and she has been characteristically able to seize upon this truth, purge it of its dross, and use it for her purposes. She does transform it in the process, of course, but still she uses elements originally alien, or rather she echoes the "humani nihil a me alienum puto" of the Roman poet. It is impossible, therefore, to accept as it stands Mr. Belloc's remark that "within her walls all is of one kind, without, all is of another." The denial that grace is given outside her visible walls, for instance, was condemned when it appeared among the Jansenists, and certainly a great deal of Catholic doctrine is believed, with true supernatural faith, by some outside the Church, notably the Orthodox and the "Anglo-Catholics." If it were true that all outside the Church's walls is hopelessly unassimilable we would, incidentally, have had no Gothic architecture and—no Scholastic philosophy!

Mr. Belloc's indiscriminate damning of everything outside the Church's tradition is illustrated at its worst in his confused treatment of what he calls "the pagan alliance," meaning the influence of non-Christian traditions on that modern neo-paganism which he has in other respects very soundly described, in spite of a curious definition of paganism in general as "natural religion acting upon man uncorrected by revelation." When neo-paganism is lumped together with African and Asiatic religions, to be hurled like a snowball at the spirit of modern art, Mr. Belloc loses all sense of proportion. That jazz music can mean nothing to the Church I heartily agree. Catholic artists, however, have proved their power to use modern tendencies for religious purposes—witness the beautiful church of Saint Louis at Vincennes and the superbly religious mausoleum by Mestrovic at Caftat in Jugoslavia. And as for the art of what Mr. Belloc calls "the Buddhist business," it is infinitely more spiritual than anything in classic antiquity. If a Catholic artist could give us, transformed and Christianized of course, a colossal Christ with the majesty of the Kamakura Buddha, or a Madonna with the serene loveliness of the Kwan Yin in the Boston Museum, the prospects of an escape from the horrors of most of our religious statuary would be brighter than they are.

Here as elsewhere, Mr. Belloc, like Coriolanus, is "too absolute," with results damaging to his study of the Church's relations to the forces that oppose her. "Fas est ab hostibus doceri" is a principle which she has ever known how to apply, and her victory over her most formidable foes will be, to a great extent, in proportion to her success in utilizing and adapting the truths which their errors contain.

It is a pleasure to turn from such criticisms to Mr. Belloc's superb final chapter. Here, in his discussion of the Church's opportunity at the present day, he is at his best. He calls Catholics to a realization of their duty of letting the world know what the Catholic Church is, for

> Upon the right conduct of the presentation of the Faith in the next long lifetime surely depends the future of the world.

He recognizes very truly "the recovery of the Catholic apologetic," and the fact that "the Catholic case has 'got over the footlights'" in a manner unparalleled since the Reformation. One has, indeed, only to consider such works as Adam's The Spirit of Catholicism, Martindale's The Faith of the Roman Church, or the admirable little volumes of The Treasury of the Faith Series to realize how abundant, how eloquent, and how modern are the expositions and defenses of Catholicism now being produced. Mr. Belloc's epilogue is at once a masterly discussion and a clarion call to action. And the courageous optimism of Catholics should be only heightened by the note which is sounded in his final sentences:

> But if I be asked what sign we may look for to show that the advance of the Faith is at hand, I would answer by a word that the modern world has forgotten—persecution. When that shall be once more at work it will be morning.

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THE LONDON CONFERENCE

By ADAM DAY

TO THE practical, to the student of history, to those across the Atlantic who are old in the tortuous ways of diplomacy, the day of ringing in "the thousand years of peace" still seems remote. Nevertheless, even these see in the forthcoming London Conference a genuine augury for world peace and prosperity, for it is a commonplace today that the greatest need of the time is a clear understanding between Britain and America.

The pact of Locarno that the representatives of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy and Germany initialed in 1925 may forever guard the peace of western Europe—and it may be just another plowing of the sands. Sir Austen Chamberlain, Aristide Briand and Gustav Stresemann had, when they foregathered at Locarno, eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Expediency and, like their first parents, found themselves naked in a world of war. Out of the knowledge thus acquired, they sought on the shores of the Lake to safeguard each his respective nation against another such shambles as the years from 1914 to 1918—at most to protect it, each in his own way and according to national fears, against what seemed the most dangerous trouble spots. What they did was localized, therefore, on the Rhine and in the Danzig Corridor. Nevertheless the world applauded, for it was an advance from the blood-filled trenches and contentious centuries of the old order. And so would a Locarno of the seas, to which the five great powers were signatory, be an advance over what these statesmen did, carrying the same spirit of conciliation into the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Mediterranean.

When the high sea fleet was surrendered, there remained but three first-class navies—those of Great Britain, the United States and Japan. The understanding between the two former may be said to preclude any probability of war between them, and it is impossible to imagine any crisis between them that could not be settled by methods of conciliation. Therefore, neither of them has justifiable cause for maintaining expensive naval armament against the others. This leaves them only Japan to consider.

It has long come to be realized that the yellow peril, so-called, was a figment evolved by an abnormal mentality while going through his daily dozen with his shining sword. A tremendous change has come over Japan since she prodded the Russian bear out of Manchuria. Had she wanted war, she would have taken advantage of any one of innumerable opportunities that came to her in China. Social, economic and financial considerations all impel her to peace. With the Anglo-Japanese alliance set aside, and in the face of a good understanding between England and America, Japan is for peace and will not disturb the Pacific.

Meanwhile, if the London Conference succeeds in effecting an accord between the five participating powers, it will have achieved something that men and women everywhere, and none more than the ratepayers, may commend with a will. It is too early to declare that this is impossible of achievement, but it is opportune to assert that the immediate course is strewn with reefs, hard as coral. One need go back no further than 1921 to discover some of these. Then Lord Balfour, Charles Evans Hughes, Aristide Briand and Prince Tokugawa charted a way and left certain signs to warn future voyagers. One of these identified the submarine, which is today an immensely more powerful weapon than when Lord Balfour denounced it so roundly. Indeed, this question of the submarine will prove one of the grave problems of the conference, and unless an accord can be reached in pourparlers, it is just the kind of weapon to torpedo the parley.

The submarine did not sink the Washington Conference, because the American and the French delegates sighted it and steered the ship away. At that time only Britain favored the abolition of the underseas raider. France was strongly for the submarine, and the United States was unwilling to outlaw it. The conferees tampered with it only to the extent of inviting the adherence of all civilized powers to a resolution, which has never been ratified, that the rules of international law relating to visit and search on the high seas apply to the submarine, and that its use as a commerce destroyer be regarded as a violation of these rules.

The position of the United States in regard to the submarine has changed since Mr. Hoover came into the White House, but that of France remains practically the same. The reason is not hard to find. France, whose naval weakness has been to her a source of sorrow and mortification during the whole history of European wars, has today the most powerful army in the world. Even had she possessed the wealth to build up her naval strength, any efforts in this direction would have been opposed by all the might of Britain, who, in 200 years as the great commercial nation of the world, has never permitted a European rival of her naval power. No British government could last a day were it to agree to less than control of the seas, unless it were proved to the British nation that it got a quid pro quo. Only the United States could give this.

With no thought, therefore, of attempting to embark on a ship-building program in competition with her powerful neighbor across the Channel, France looks on the submarine as particularly suited to her needs on her Atlantic and Channel coasts and in the Mediterranean. It represents a defensive arm to be

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had without such a large outlay as would be requisite to build an adequate fleet of battle-ships and heavily armed fast cruisers.

The position of Italy regarding the submarine has been analogous to that of France, but there now are indications that the Italian attitude in connection with the underseas fighter may change and that Italy may associate herself with the United States and British governments in advocating its abolition, irrespective of the stand taken by France and Japan. It should be remembered, however, that, even should Italy subscribe to the Anglo-American thesis for outlawing the submarine, and that even though this meant three of the powers in the five-power London parley were for banning it, effectively to abolish the underseas craft would require nothing less than universal consent.

A possible cause for a change in the Italian attitude may be found in the long Italian coast line and in the fact that Italy is not self-supporting in food. It might, therefore, be to her interest that the submarine, which is chiefly effective against sea-borne commerce, be forbidden. She wants parity with France and is prepared to insist on it. Meanwhile, both look with misgivings on what is generally interpreted in continental Europe from the conversations à deux between the British Labor Prime Minister and the American President as an attempt by the former to effect a rapprochement with the United States. They see in them a diplomatic answer to the efforts in continental Europe to set up another balance of power which, in the polite phraseology of diplomacy, is called the United States of Europe.

When one recalls the proverbial mistrust among the nations of Europe, these Franco-Italian misgivings are not incredible. Circumstances have caused the Mediterranean Sea to play a greater part in the history of the world with regard to commerce and war than any other sheet of water of the same size, and France and Italy are running true to form in each striving to maintain supremacy on it.

The position of France touching the Mediterranean and the Atlantic is, on the whole, one of military weakness at sea, for England sits high and solid on the Rock between the eastern and western French fleets. Italy, with her extensive seacoast and good ports, is well placed for exerting a decisive influence on the trade route to the Levant and by Suez, but there is England again in Malta. It is only necessary to recall the efforts that have been made through diplomatic channels to cause Britain to withdraw from these positions to appreciate what British dominance in this theatre of naval warfare since the days of antiquity means to these two Mediterranean powers.

Benito Mussolini regards the forthcoming conference as destined to have far-reaching effects on the future of the Mediterranean. He maintains that the needs of the Italian population are the same as those of France. Today France is superior to Italy in naval strength. Il Duce demands first, therefore, that limitation of armament extend not only to ships, but to armies and airplanes; second, that it extend to the smaller states; third, that it reduce arms by total tonnage rather than by classes of ships, as did the Washington Conference with battle-ships; fourth, that limits adopted for Italy be not surpassed by other continental powers; and, fifth, that the construction of battle-ships be put forward until 1936.

He will stress that Italy, as well as France, has colonies in northern Africa. Though less valuable than the French holdings, Italy none the less regards them as essential to her and is determined to keep open her sea lanes, not only to communication with them, but to bring in provision and raw materials. Mussolini argues that Mediterranean parity is no real parity, since France, by bringing in her fleets from the Atlantic and the Pacific, could establish a great superiority over Italy.

In support of his stand for parity with France, he can cite the case of the United States which, although it has no far-flung colonies, demands parity with Great Britain because of its position. It would be hard to convince Il Duce that Italy, too, has not a position to maintain. That is what Fascismo is doing above all things, he declares—maintaining Italy's position as a world power. The fact that Italy has only fourteen cruisers to France's fifteen is very distressing to Signor Mussolini, and, on top of this, France today has 65,000 tons of cruisers, whereas Italy has only 50,000 tons. It is true each has four modern cruisers under construction, but France has nine capital ships in commission to Italy's four. This does not compensate for the fact that Italy has fifteen more destroyers than France.

Small as this disparity may seem to American eyes, the cruiser tonnage of these two powers is of moment to Britain, who may be called upon at any time to embark in the Mediterranean a naval strength greater than that of any other power, by reason of the significance of her trade routes through this sea.

France will oppose accepting the same strength in all categories as Italy, stressing her colonies and her three coasts at home to protect. She now has fifty-seven submarines in commission—the same as England—and she is building forty more to England's fifteen. She holds that she must resist any effort to apply to submarines the ratio which governs her capital ships and is the same as that which governs Italy's. Therefore, she has been reluctant to enter into mutual exchanges regarding naval problems with Italy. She is thoroughly convinced that submarines and light cruisers to supplement such a fleet of battle-ships as she can support are essential to her security. She has not forgotten her impotence in 1914, when the very life of the nation depended upon help from a superior maritime power.

This should not be construed to mean that France and Italy will form an opposition bloc in London to the scrapping by the United States and Great Britain

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of as many big ships as they want—the more the happier for these Latin powers with their limited navies. They know they are not in a position to enter into naval rivalry with the great English-speaking powers, and hold that they defend interests peculiar to themselves and requiring different weapons.

In their stand they may find in Japan a real help in time of trouble. The position of the Japanese in the Pacific is in some ways analogous to that of France and Italy in the Mediterranean, out of profound changes that have occurred since the scrapping of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The abrogation of this treaty caused no happiness in Nippon and meant a drawing together of England and Japan's racial opponent, America. Simultaneously, the most powerful figure in the evolutionary movement that put Japan in the category of the great powers—the old emperor—went to his ancestors in the House of the Sun, removing the strongest hand at a time when those remaining of the elder statesmen were in their dotage.

Everyone who knows Japan knows that she is not prepared to engage in a first-class war, and she admits she is for peace, believing that therein lies her further development. But with China "a burning house next door" and the Manchurian, the Russian, the Korean and the whole far eastern situations what they are, she wants her naval ratio fixed by the Washington Conference raised. She holds she must have, instead of the present ratio of 3, 3½ or .7 of American and British tonnage in capital ships, and a 10-10-7 8-inch gun cruiser ratio, to apply also, perhaps, to submarines. This would give her fifteen 10,000-ton cruisers, the equal of British strength in this category. In the preliminary conversations, the United States and Great Britain have opposed this.

The economic position of this island power is not unlike that of England. She knows that the old order, before the days of Admiral Peary, is very dead, and that, as she must live by trade or perish for the want of it, a navy is necessary to her life. Bound by no word to support any Anglo-American premise, she has only her own needs to guard, and no one knows them as she does. It would be well within diplomatic practice were she to support France or Italy or both, in order to gain them.

An indication of what the American reply will be to the French, Italian and Japanese demands regarding auxiliary craft is found in a note from Ambassador Alanson B. Houghton to Lord Cushenden on September 28, 1928, when the Anglo-French naval accord was submitted to the Washington government. Ambassador Houghton held that cruisers and destroyers maintaining 6-inch guns and submarines of 600 tons or less were highly efficient and "constitute the largest number of fighting ships now existing." He continued:

> The United States cannot accept as a distinct class surface combatant vessels of or below 10,000 tons armed with guns of more than 6-inch and up to 8-inch calibre. It is further clearly apparent that limitation of this type only would add enormously to the comparative offensive power of a nation possessing a large merchant tonnage on which preparation may be made in times of peace for mounting 6-inch guns.

Ambassador Houghton declared that the United States "would gladly, in conjunction with all the nations of the world, abolish the submarine altogether," but that, if it must be continued as an instrument of naval warfare, it was the belief of the American government that it "should be limited to a reasonable tonnage or number," along with all other classes of combatant vessels.

Upon such subjects will the outcome in London hinge, and that they should be highly controversial subjects is consistent with the text of that narrative of contests between nations, of mutual rivalries, of violence, which is the history of sea power. Candid and resourceful as the modern diplomatist is reputed to be, real reasons why particular states are opposed to certain restrictions or limitations are still apt to remain masked behind specious ones. Should political accord be effected between certain of the principal maritime powers who lack it today, obstacles apparently insuperable might loom less large.

On the eve of the assembling of the London Conference, substantial reasons offer for saying without undue optimism that, in so far as capital ships are concerned, the delegates will come together with a better augury of success than was the case prior to the holding of the Geneva parley. There has been much water under the bridge since Geneva, the Senate Lobby Investigating Committee and the American and English press having served to uncover forces of opposition that were actively at work when Hugh Gibson and Lord Lee of Fareham and their respective delegations met by the Lake.

To be sure, the future of sea law remains indeterminate, and world affairs still reveal no greater problem than that commonly known as the "freedom of the seas." Settle this and peace will stand at last upon a practical basis, solid enough to insure the real progress of disarmament. Upon an agreement between Great Britain and the United States to a revision in maritime law the solution primarily hinges, and it is believed that such an agreement, acceptable and honorable to both, is possible if approached in the spirit of mutual give and take. These powers are closer together on the question of freedom of the seas than they ever were—than it was ever expected they would be, for no one thought that, when the United States first advocated "free trade and sailors' rights" early in the last century, the same reason would impel England in this day to assume our early stand. Too, the British Labor government foresees that the peculiar combination of circumstances which made the British command of the surface seas a decisive factor in the world war probably will not be reproduced. Before anything effectual can be done in this direction, however, there must be an agreement in London.

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THE NEW CATHOLIC BIBLE

By JOSEPH KEATING

Among recent Catholic publishing ventures none is more important than the steadily progressing Westminster Version of the Scriptures. We have therefore asked Father Keating, who has taken a major part in this enterprise even while laboring hard as editor of the London Month, to write for The Commonweal an account of this Version and an exposition of the questions which have arisen regarding it. His present paper describes the work and reveals its vast and international scope. A second article, to appear next week, will discuss interesting affiliated problems of Scripture study.—The Editors.

THE recent publication of the Gospel of Saint John, translated from the original Greek, with notes, introduction, etc., by the Reverend W. S. Reilly, S.T.D., D.S.S., Professor of Sacred Scripture at the Baltimore Seminary, furnishes an apt occasion for calling the attention of American Catholics to what really is a cosmopolitan enterprise, the character of which has been somewhat disguised by its local title. The name given to the Version was suggested by the diocese of publication, but from the first its promoters were determined to enlist the aid of English-speaking scholars of all nationalities.

As a matter of record, the translation of the Apocalypse is the work of the late Dr. Francis Gigot, who taught Sacred Scripture at Yonkers, and it is Dr. Boylan of Maynooth who has edited the difficult Epistle to the Hebrews. At the moment only the New Testament is in hand, since it is vastly more important for Christians to have a correct and readable account of early Christianity and the Life of its Founder than to be immediately familiar with the checkered history of the chosen race.

As far, then, as the New Testament is concerned, the enterprise is nearly complete. Of the four volumes which comprise this edition, two—Saint Paul's Epistle to the Churches (Volume III) and The Other Canonical Epistles and the Apocalypse (Volume IV)—are finished, whereas of the two earlier volumes, Volume I—The Synoptic Gospels—only lacks Saint Luke, and Volume II—Saint John and the Acts—still awaits the latter section. When the remaining portions, which are well in hand, are ready, it is proposed to issue in a single volume a pocket edition of the New Testament for devotional reading, omitting matters only intended for students. Thus one of the main objects of the new Version will be achieved, viz: to promote diligent perusal of the Scriptures by providing a translation which shall be clear as well as accurate, and, moreover, shall present the text in a manner less unworthy of its sacred character than that in which it too commonly appears.

The need of such an enterprise as this is a real one, and has long been felt. Although it has often been made a charge against the Catholic Church that she has kept the Bible from the people, it is a charge which has no real substance. In fact, the case is entirely otherwise. It was the Catholic Church which produced and collected and guaranteed the New Testament—to confine our attention to that—in the beginning. It was her councils that settled the Canon, her doctors who translated and explained the text, her monks who multiplied copies of the originals and of various Latin versions, before the invention of printing. Those who use the Bible to formulate accusations against the Catholic Church are entirely indebted to her for the ammunition they employ. If she had been the foe of the Bible, as they maintain, because the Bible disproved her claims, she had the best opportunity of evading its witness against her: she need not have created it at all.

As to encouraging the faithful to read the Scriptures, her practice has varied according to circumstances. Before the invention of printing, only the comparatively wealthy, whether corporations or individuals, could have access to such valuable manuscripts, just as only the comparatively learned could utilize them when they had them. The majority of the Church's children in those days could not read, and got their knowledge of the Bible from sermons, from the liturgy, from church decorations and from mystery plays. It was only when, at the Reformation, an appeal was made to the Scriptures as the sole rule of faith, and when, by the spread of unauthorized vernacular translations, Christians were invited to judge for themselves what they should believe, that the Church made strict regulations concerning the use of the Bible by the faithful, forbidding the issue of translations not approved by herself, and unprovided with adequate interpretative notes.

But those days have long gone by. Owing to the work of Protestant Bible societies, still inspired by the old conception that the Scriptures are self-interpreting, the world is flooded by translations of the Bible. The Church's own Book has thus been "pirated" to an incredible extent, while all who run may read; and the best and most obvious remedy she can apply is to diffuse her own versions as widely as possible, equipped with explanatory notes in accordance with the doctrine she is commissioned to impart. The Tridentine legislation, which restricted the reading of the Scriptures in the vernacular to those of the faithful whom ecclesiastical authority should judge likely to profit by it, has long become obsolete, and Pope after Pope in recent days has urged upon Catholics the advisability of studying the Bible, so as both to gain a fuller knowledge of their faith and to find fresh stimulus therein for their devotion. It is this purpose of the highest authority which has at once justified

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and inspired the preparation and production of the Westminster Version.

For its promoters had become convinced that it was useless to call Catholics to the more frequent use of the Scriptures, so long as they were presented to them in the version made at Rheims, completed early in the seventeenth century, and so long as they were printed in the inadequate fashion sanctioned by long tradition. For the Bible to be read, it must be readable, i.e., not only produced with all the typographical excellence which its dignity demands, but also edited with at least as much regard to its sacred contents as is due to any other classic; translated as clearly as possible and printed according to its sense; and furnished, moreover, with all the aids to intelligence that its character as very ancient literature would suggest. With regard merely to its material presentment, R. G. Moulton, a Protestant scholar, has asserted with appositeness and truth:

> The Bible is the worst printed book in the world. No other monument of ancient or modern literature suffers the fate of being put before us in a form that makes it impossible, without strong effort and considerable training, to take in elements of literary structure which in all other books are conveyed directly to the eye.

So it happens that, in the cheap one-volume editions in which it is generally found, almost all the elements of readableness are absent. The Douay-Rheims Version is defective in accuracy and clearness, in typographical arrangement, in explanatory notes, and almost necessarily, in general get-up. A short glance at its history will explain to a large extent the presence of these defects.

It was made—we are speaking mainly of the New Testament—in the first instance, from the old unrevised Vulgate, itself, of course, a revision of previous Latin translations from the original Greek, and although Bishop Challoner revised it again and again, using the later Clementine Vulgate, he did not remove all its obscurities and uncouthness. It was made, again, on the false principle that it must be literal at whatever sacrifice of clearness. As a reaction from the freedom with which contemporary Protestant translations were treating the sacred text, the Rheims scholars (Dr. Gregory Martin, who made the entire translation in less than two years, and Dr. Allen and Dr. Bristow, who revised the rendering and added the notes) often restricted themselves to a bald literalness, resolving, as they wrote, "not to mollify the text but to keep to it word for word." How they hampered themselves and baffled their readers by this determination may be more clearly seen in the following brief extract:

> For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood: but against Princes and Potestats, against the rectors of the world of this darkness, against the spirituals of wickedness in the celestials. (Ephesians, VI, 12.)

Or, to take another example:

> Whereas then I was thus minded, did I use lightness? Or the things that I mind, do I mind according to the flesh, that there be with me *it is* and *it is not*? (II Corinthians, I, 17.)

This was obviously going too far in the other direction, and, although Challoner and other revisers have removed the worst results of this process, enough still remains to make parts of the New Testament almost wholly unintelligible. The Rheims translation was begun by Dr. Martin and other Oxford scholars in 1578 when the Elizabethan persecution was at its height. The whole was finished by 1582, but only the New Testament was then published at Rheims: the Old did not see the light—at Douay, whence the name attached to the whole—till 1609-1610. (The Authorized Anglican Version, made under James I from the originals, was not published till 1611.) As a result of Challoner's repeated revisions, and the labors of others both in Ireland and America, who worked over the Rheims text independently, the "Douay Bible" today appears in at least four versions, differing in many, if slight, particulars, and based on the great revisions by Challoner in 1749 and 1752, and on later ones by other hands. That fact alone, apart from other considerations, would seem to suggest another, and if possible a final, rendering.

The enterprise now on foot has had not a few forerunners, even among Catholics. As early as 1838, Dr. Lingard, the historian, published anonymously his Four Gospels from the Greek, a version which was praised by Cardinal Wiseman. Later in the century, the conversion of John Henry Newman probably suggested to the authorities that at last an opportunity had come of enlisting the services of a scholar and a master of English to accomplish this long overdue work—the production of an accurate and uniform English Catholic version of the Scriptures. Anyhow, the second provincial council of Westminster, held in 1855 under Cardinal Wiseman's presidency, passed the following canon:

> To secure as soon as possible an accurate rendering of Sacred Scripture from the Latin Vulgate, the Fathers have decreed that the task of producing it should be committed to such learned men as the most eminent Archbishop [Wiseman] should select.

Two years after this decree, Wiseman did intrust the task to Dr. Newman, who promptly accepted it and gathered together a large band of assistant translators. But unfortunately the attempt came to nothing, and its failure served to block further efforts in England for over fifty years. The cause of that disaster was first made clear in Ward's Life of Newman (1912). Incredible as it now seems, that representative Westminster synod did not know that Bishop Kenrick of Philadelphia, afterward Archbishop of Baltimore, had, some six or seven years before and with the approval of the American hierarchy, begun a new translation of the Vulgate and had already finished

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the New Testament in 1851. When the American bishops learned of the commission given to Newman, they wrote, in 1858, to Cardinal Wiseman, deprecating such waste of energy. At the same time the synod of Baltimore resolved that the English forces should be asked to combine with the American to produce a single authoritative version.

Wiseman at that time was showing marked signs of the physical failure which characterized his later years. He had delayed in setting the work on foot: now, when Newman and his collaborators had spent on it a strenuous year, he sent him the communications from America without any suggestion as to what action should be taken. The sensitive Oratorian, already disheartened by Wiseman's lack of interest in the work and his refusal of any financial help, took his reticence to mean the withdrawal of his support, and consequently dismissed his staff.

No doubt the American prelates were equally surprised at Wiseman's inaction. Archbishop Kenrick, nevertheless, finished the translation of the whole Bible, which he called "a revision of the Rhemish Version," in 1860. However, as Dr. Gigot tells us, it never became popular, and only the New Testament reached a second edition. Another American version of the Four Gospels from the Greek was made by a Father Francis Spencer, O.P., in 1898, but, again, in spite of encouragement by Cardinal Gibbons, it had little vogue. The "Douay" in one or another of its forms, holds the field to this day.

THE GLORIFIED AMOEBA

By FRANK WHALEN

WHEN Doctor John B. Watson announced some years ago that his system of psychology, to be known as behaviorism, would explain all human conduct on a purely physical basis, he at once gained the attention of the leading psychologists of the world. Many of these men were frankly eager for a physiological synthesis which would sum up the work that had been done by investigators in the laboratories of the "new psychology" during the past half-century. Their examination of Watson's theory was critical and minute; their verdict, as I have attempted to show in a previous paper (The Metaphysical Behaviorist, in The Commonweal for November 6) was to the effect that Watson had himself fallen into the trap of speculation from which he was claiming to free psychology. If the reasoned verdict of the scientists had been the final word, Watson would have joined the dodo, Queen Anne and Coué, and behaviorism would be no more. Doctor Watson is still with us, however; he has stubbornly refused to be impaled upon the horns of a dilemma, or to be slaughtered with a syllogism.

As the Watsonian doctrine filtered down from scientific treatises to popular expositions of Why We Behave Like the Beasts of the Field, from the magazine to the newspaper and so to the conversation of the man in the subway, it was shorn of the criticisms it had elicited. Watson cared nothing for the fulminations of the scientists once he had found his real audience, the common man who wants to be told that he is not morally responsible for what he does. The consoling formula was provided, in this case, not by an argument on determinism, but by recourse to the "conditioned reflex" of Pavlov, which Watson has taken over to explain the learning process and the inevitability of all human reactions. It may be worth while to consider briefly the experiments of Pavlov as they have been presented to the American public, and to evaluate the conclusions drawn from them by the Watsonians.

In the past two or three years there has been exhibited in New York from time to time a film entitled, Mechanics of the Brain, advertised as having been made in Russia at Pavlov's laboratory. At the first public showing, the film was introduced by Doctor Walter B. Cannon, of the Harvard Medical School, a co-worker and friend of Pavlov's for many years. Doctor Cannon, who had not previously seen the picture, insisted from the start of his talk that Pavlov was a physiologist, not a psychologist. He told how the Russian, in his endeavor to keep out of the psychological field, fined his laboratory workers if they used psychological terms in their reports, and he asked those who were viewing the picture not to draw psychological conclusions.

Such fine distinctions as this were not to the taste of the audience, however, and at the second presentation of the film Doctor Cannon was replaced by Doctor Watson, who at once announced that the picture epitomized modern psychology.

The film starts with a review of the spinal reflex experiments on frogs, familiar to all high school students, demonstrating that the true reflex arc runs into the spine (not the brain) and out again to the muscles. The next section of the film extends the use of the term "reflex" to the process of learning, with the now classic experiments on dogs. To take one example: A dog is allowed to listen to the ticking of a metronome; he is comparatively indifferent to it—the stimulus calls forth no more response than a pricking up of the ears and a slight turning of the head. Then he is given an electric shock by means of an electrode attached to the leg. To this second stimulus he responds vigorously, attempting to escape from the loose harness which confines him. Then the ticking and the shock are repeated simultaneously many times; always, of course, with violent effects. Finally the electrode is removed and the metronome started once more, and lo! the dog

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struggles just as violently as if he were experiencing the electric shock.

Thus we see, says the behaviorist, that the dog has learned—or rather, his nervous system has learned—to "condition" (or associate, as we should say) the ticking with the shock, and has made the ticking a stimulus to which he no longer gives the natural or "adequate response" of the head and ears, but a "substitute response" that used to be attached naturally to the electric shock. The new combination is the "conditioned reflex."

The film continues, repeating the same technique in various situations to reinforce the proof. The dog learns to salivate at the ringing of a bell which had previously been linked up with the presentation of food (the "summer-boarder reflex" this has been flippantly called); a monkey learns to come for food when a red disc is shown, but not to respond when a blue disc is shown. At the end of this section of the film there are several short studies in pure physiology, to show how animals and human beings are limited in their responses when certain parts of the nervous system are extirpated. This part of the film is rather tiresome and naive: for instance, much time and many learned terms are expended to demonstrate that although a blind monkey cannot see, he can eat.

Little children are the subjects in the next portion of the picture. A new-born baby makes its first attempts to suckle; children learn to handle toys, to wash their hands and faces, to wait on themselves at table, and finally to solve simple problems involving the reaching of an object suspended high on the wall. Using a motion-picture device with which we are all familiar, the film cuts back every few minutes to re-expose pictures of the dog and the monkey learning, and views of the uncoördinated movements of an idiot, so as to imprint firmly on the minds of the audience the analogy among the three kinds of conduct or behavior.

All this exposition is cleverly planned to lead up to the big scene. As the argument proceeds, the audience "behaves" according to expectation, nods its head and says, "Yes, they're all the same." Then while heads are nodding vigorously the most important experiment is portrayed, in the hope that the audience will keep on nodding—intellectually as well as physically, not to mention homerically—and so believe.

A child of five or six is shown in an experimental box, learning to open his mouth in order to catch biscuits that are sent down a chute. The instrumentation is very elaborate—two observers in surgeon's dress looking at the child through concealed glass panels, electric wires and recording apparatus galore. Briefly, the child is "conditioned" to open his mouth for biscuits whenever he feels the pressure of a small rubber bag strapped to his wrist. Then he is "deconditioned"—that is, he learns to keep his mouth closed when further pressure brings no biscuits. Finally, he is "reconditioned" to open his mouth once more at the pressure accompanied by biscuits. He has been made to learn, to unlearn and to relearn a comparatively simple response.

The spectator is expected uncritically to believe in the analogy with animal, infant and idiot conduct—to see only the likenesses and overlook the differences. But the fact that sticks out in the whole performance is that, instead of the slow trial-and-error process of the dog in the harness or the monkey in the cage, there is a vastly more rapid learning and unlearning because of the intervention of human intelligence. The child short-circuits the performance: he learns to open his mouth almost immediately after the pressure and the biscuits come together; to keep it closed after the first time no biscuits are forthcoming (his lips can be seen moving to form the Russian equivalent of "What! no biscuits?"); then to open it again after the first occasion when the pressure brings biscuits once more. Set against the performances of monkey, dog, infant and idiot, it becomes something entirely different in kind.

The film certainly has its value as an objective demonstration of the part the body plays in learning; but the behaviorist gets a great deal more than that out of it. The analogy it presses so strongly is really the basis, not only of the behaviorist's explanation of the learning process, but of the whole "S—R" (stimulus and reaction) postulate with which most modern text-books in psychology begin.

The student is told that instead of considering human nature under the categories of mental faculties (those obsolete mediaeval terms, to replace which we have invented "phases of consciousness" and "aspects of intelligence"—sounding more important, but meaning exactly the same thing) it is the business of the scientific psychologist to reduce all human thought and conduct to units of stimulus and reaction, and the smaller the unit the better. Thus the text-book writer, whether he be a behaviorist or not, has started the student off with a mechanistic axiom on the very first page. For reference, he is told that Pavlov has settled it all in his experiments with the conditioned reflex.

The term "conditioned reflex" is in itself rather illogical, though Pavlov certainly does use it. The word "reflex" as hitherto used in physiology has distinct connotations of inevitability, of immediacy, of mechanization and especially of unmodifiability. The eye-blink, the knee-jerk, and so on, never vary if the subject's nervous system is normal. To qualify this name with the adjective "conditioned" seems to take away all the meaning of the term: it becomes something naive yet learned, rigid yet flexible, perfectly black yet somewhat white—a perfect example of contradiction in terms, if ever there was one.

In short, it is another example of the modern method of settling things in the beginning by tagging them with the labels you think they ought to have. Scholastic philosophers are constantly being accused of reasoning a priori to the detriment of scientific truth; yet it appears that their opponents avail themselves of

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question-begging methods which a young Schoolman with two weeks of logic behind him would scorn to use. Pavlov has many apologists for his use of the term, but every one of them makes out a poor case. Woodworth says that Pavlov

> Means only that it has the general form of a reflex and is based on a reflex, not that it is a response at the reflex level and carried on by the lower nerve centres, without participation of the brain.

Despite its illogical nature, however, the term has come into general use because of its novelty. The lecturer in educational psychology who lets slip the tabooed word "association" apologizes at once and substitutes the word "conditioning." A "diagram of the learning process" appears triumphantly on college blackboards, and the instructor, with a Q. E. D. wave of the hand, closes his lesson with the impressive words, "from which it appears that any response may be attached to any stimulus by the process of conditioning." And if the belated student boning his Hamlet in the rear of the room mumbles, "It needs no ghost to tell us that, my lord," his comment is lost in the buzz of sophomoric wonder that always accompanies the rediscovery of the obvious.

There is nothing mysterious and very little new about the process of conditioning. Latin teachers have for ages presented the words "boy" and "puer" together until one became the stimulus that evoked the other. Stranger than that, the student who responded "puer" to "boy" in the Latin class, answered "pais" to the same word in the Greek class. Pavlov has told us a little about the physiological and temporal conditions under which habit formation takes place, and has used a very questionable term in so doing. He has shown us somewhat of the how, but nothing concerning the ultimate why. In no case, moreover, has he touched any reaction above the level of habit.

To saddle the S—R psychology on Pavlov, then, is unfair not only to the student but to Pavlov as well. I am inclined to believe the opinion of Doctor Cannon quoted above, especially since the translation of Pavlov's work brought out at Oxford in 1927 is subtitled, An Investigation of the Physiological Activity of the Cerebral Cortex, and also since the American edition published two months ago makes no mention of psychology. David Seabury, reviewing the American edition in the New York Times says:

> Professor Pavlov is not so sweeping in his conclusions as the group of behaviorists who rally about him as a central figure.

Pavlov presents his physiological data: the behaviorist reads into the data psychological implications.

The implications, if Pavlov had intended them, would at any rate possess no more validity than has any other one-principle explanation of human affairs. We have always with us the expert who lays all happiness and all misery to the tariff, or the single tax, or the tonsils, or the spinal vertebrae. Indeed, I have known a superannuated boarding-school doctor who cured all the students' ills with castor oil, and who on one occasion made out a very good case for the amelioration of a black eye with the Fascist potion. These one-principle men are always either fools or fanatics, and Pavlov seems to be neither. The Russian mentions no experiments with children in his book (in the Oxford edition, at least) and he does say definitely in Lecture XXIII:

> It would be the height of presumption to regard these first steps in elucidating the physiology of the cortex as solving the intricate problems of the higher psychic activities in man, when in fact at the present stage of our work no detailed application of its results to man is yet permissible.

Watson has, it is true, attempted to condition infants—to fear a rabbit, for instance, by presenting a loud noise to the child in the presence of the animal—but here again intelligence often takes charge in a surprising way. As Woodworth says:

> The conditioned fear experiment does not succeed with all babies. Some children turn around and scowl at the harsh noise, but then return to the rabbit. . . . Their behavior looks rather as if they kept the noise and the rabbit separate, responding to the one and then to the other, as if they saw the noise didn't come from the rabbit and had nothing to do with the rabbit. Thus intelligent observation may protect a child from a multitude of senseless fears.

So much for Pavlov. As for the film presented under his name, it was assembled and edited by Sovkino, the Soviet film agency, with an eye to propagandizing the proletariat. The sequence was very carefully arranged to slur over all the characteristically human actions on the part of the children involved, and to demonstrate the doctrine that we differ from the protozoa only in degree.

The film is therefore but another attempt to tie small men's doctrines to a great man's name. The "atheist university" in Russia (which will be due for more newspaper publicity one of these days, when it goes to the length of banishing the "praying mantis" from the catalogue of insects) will probably use Mechanics of the Brain as a complete course in psychology, and in the present condition of the Russian proletariat, it won't be far wrong.

Sea Wish

Driven anger, salty curse,
Sting the beaches of my art:
Whip away what's soft and worse,
Bare the cleaner, harder part.

Scar it, lash it, leave it cold,
Rocky base of man in growth.
Art to man so grimly mold
That his poem be his oath.

L. A. G. Strong.

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THE MODERNS IN AMERICA

By JAMES W. LANE

CRITICS have said that modern painting is meant to be looked at from a distance. While certainly such an approach to painting is nothing new, since the leading spirits of French Impressionism early in the nineteenth century possessed it, we are coming to realize only now that this newer method of visualizing (which is not in disaccord with modern urbanized existence) has definite points of contact with art in the great tradition. A view from a skyscraper window today will impress upon one the importance of mass, planes, perspective, order and form, and the relative unimportance of finish, color, anatomical accuracy and detail. Do not our skyscrapers themselves, good and bad, show similar qualities in their architecture? And why should not painting which has always employed such qualities make this modernistic selection of them, if only to be truer to the times?

On November 8 the galleries of the new Museum of Modern Art were opened in the Heckscher Building in New York. This new museum is to be America's Luxembourg. It will not be the Metropolitan's rival, since it will exist to supplement the Metropolitan's work, as the modern museums in Paris, London and Berlin supplement the collections of the Louvre, the National Gallery and the Kaiser Friedrich Museum. It will attempt many things, for not only will it have eventually a permanent collection of the precursors of the modern movement, some of whom are still not "accepted," but it will also present the most important living masters. Accordingly, for the first year the Museum announces exhibits of paintings by contemporary American masters and by the outstanding French painters of today, of paintings by Americans of the last fifty years, such as Ryder, Winslow Homer and Eakins, of works by Daumier, of modern Mexican art, and of American, French and German sculpture—surely a diverse and admirable project.

No fear need be aroused that this new undertaking will flood its galleries with the banal and the meretricious. Intelligent people of catholic tastes are the trustees of the museum and the donors of bequests and loans, and although mistakes may be made in the new galleries, the Museum will afford the best nucleus in this part of the country for seeing what is already half tried and true in modern art.

The opening exhibition I, for one, who am not thoroughly in sympathy with modern painting, found amazingly interesting. You might say that the best and most important "moderns" were here: Cézanne, a composer in terms of deep space, as one critic defines him; Gauguin, whose bright reds and greens mingling with velvety plums produce an all-over Persian rug pattern, compensating for his insignificant, Egyptianly wooden and at times degrading subjects; Seurat, the master of stippling, whose charming if too pacific canvases have a magic of lighting and a magic of reasoned effect from this most consistent of theorizers; and Van Gogh, a madman, whose paintings, whether portraits or landscapes, demonstrate, as not since Tintoretto or El Greco, life seen through a temperament, and some of whose still lifes are ineffably lovely.

All of these men, whose subjects are often so lack-lustre in appeal if not in technique, had a talent for rhythmic decoration, so that you feel in several of their veriest pieces the accent of position, the suggestion of tones, and other harmonies. In this sense they are dependent upon the older traditions: Cézanne upon the scientific discoveries made by the Impressionists, including Turner and Constable, about light and color, Seurat upon Delacroix, Gauguin upon the tapestry art of Persia, the stone sculpture of Egypt and Gothic Brittany, the paper art of Japan, and Van Gogh, although his technique was individual, upon Millet, Delacroix, Monticelli and Daumier—painters in whom he found, respectively, religious intensity, juicy color, flame-like strokes, and a humanitarian agitation.

The idea that modern art is endeavoring to do something new is in great part false. It can no more faire du neuf in the sense of pioneering than can the Church, or at any rate, if it does, it becomes like Protestantism—a grafting of momentarily new and unconventional, if not heretical, thought upon an old brain, the brain remaining and developing after the thought has passed its prime. There are a few leaders or "pioneers" in modern painting, such as the four men in this exhibition, but very, very few. The others ape them, with prudent variations, and generally are nothing but hyper-intellectualized or inane derivations of the masters upon whom they find convenient material for testing their teeth.

Go to this new museum and see the prototypes for yourself. The best things are the Seurat hangings, the Van Gogh Fruit, and Irises, his La Mousmé, and the Self Portrait in a Straw Hat. Many of the other Van Goghs also will repay your attention. You will see that this painter at least had a definitely religious spirit in his Pietà (after a drawing by Delacroix) and in his First Steps (after Millet) where he gives an ardent representation of pious feeling that is totally absent from The Yellow Christ, by Gauguin, whose spirit, a curious admixture of Gothic debased by Egyptian archaism and pagan primitivism, portrays for us a ginger-cooky Crucifixion with no feeling at all. As a decorator, nevertheless, Gauguin is not insignificant, and his brightly colored and exotic works, in which broad, flat surfaces of pure undiluted paint vie with others of contrasting tones, are perhaps more suited to the two-dimensional properties of a wall or rug than to canvas.

Cézanne is a different proposition. His landscapes and his still lifes are not another return to the primitive, as in Gauguin, but they are based, as much as was possible to an artist who hated the "horrid resemblance" of most conventional art to its object, upon the absolute composition of traditional painting from the Primitifs to Rubens and the scientific theories for imitating nature of the Impressionists. Cézanne, who uses color and solidity of contour to weld his conical and spherical planes together, is an austere designer, and the way in which he has interlaced the tree-top branches of his Road in Provence is pleasing and original. His Pigeon Tower, with its restricted palette again in evidence, is simplification to essentials, and yet, such is his knowledge of the recession of planes, has great depth and indirect lighting.

Thus we discover that, in this collection of four of the most diverse and tendential modern painters, we have one unconventional pagan, more or less serene; one civilized student, a composer of mathematically arranged and naturalistically colored landscapes; and two men of a certain religious feeling, one, dour and silent, and the other, in the manner of aged pietists, ardent and out-giving. The new museum is to be congratulated.

At Communion

Thy lamb am I, and Thou my Shepherd kind,
And Thou my lamb, and I Thy sheltering fold.
Thy flower I am, fair in Thy gracious eyes,
And Thou my Flower of Nazareth's smiling vale.
Thy throne am I, clothed with Thy splendors rare,
My King Thou art, my King, and King of Kings.

SISTER JULIE.

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COMMUNICATIONS

OUR NEED OF A DAILY PRESS

Pakenham, Ontario.

TO the Editor:—The advocates of a Catholic daily press in different parts of the United States and Canada have frequently set before the readers of the Catholic weekly papers the urgent need of a daily press under Catholic control. They are invariably told that the people will not read a religious daily. The reply is similar to that which might be given to those proposing to build a necessary bridge at a given point: "People are not in the habit of swimming across the stream."

We know full well that there are tremendous difficulties in the way of founding daily papers. But let us, at least among ourselves, understand what a Catholic daily is or should be. It is one which follows closely in general outline the existing secular dailies. While admitting to its columns the news of the world and of the multiple activities of men here, there and everywhere, it will exclude news that is damaging to faith or morals. It will print legitimate advertisements as do the present Catholic papers, but reject fraudulent and immoral advertising, or the advertising of improper plays, books, etc. It will publish accounts and pictures of sports and social events. Its stories need not be of the Sunday-school variety, but they must not offend against the Commandments of God.

The Catholic newspaper would take a genuine interest in civic, provincial and national affairs and strive to foster among its readers local efforts for the common good and all worthy movements for the general welfare. Its aim would be to assist in the betterment of mankind at home and abroad. Its editorials would not be religious homilies, but nevertheless would follow Christian principles. At the same time they would fearlessly defend truth and the civic and national rights of Catholics. It would strive to overthrow much of the cant and the false philosophy which have come from Luther, Kant, Gibbon and Hume in the past, and from the Freuds, the Wellses, the Shaws and the Durants of the present day. It would tear off the masks from the pseudo-scientists who are continually hoaxing the people. It would counteract the malign influence of newspaper obligarchs of the present day whose purses are fattening on the sacrilegious treatment of the sacred beliefs of Christians.

There are Catholic editors of existing daily papers. When they are sufficiently informed, and are not circumscribed by the editorial policy of the paper, and when they have the courage, they can inject Catholic principles and Catholic thought into a great variety of articles without ever mentioning religion. Let us take a sentence or two which might appear in an editorial, say on labor: "The first concern of all is to save the poor workers from the cruelty of grasping speculators, who use human beings as mere instruments for making money. It is neither justice nor humanity so to grind men down with excessive labor as to stupify their minds and wear out their bodies." There is no mention of religion nor Catholicism in these lines, and yet they contain Catholic thought from no less a person than Pope Leo XIII. They are found in his encyclical on labor.

What advantage would there be in a Catholic daily? Much the same as there is in a Catholic school. Even more. Our schools provide only for Catholic children. Our Catholic daily would reach the non-Catholic better than any other agency used by the Church. By the constant dissemination of truth many of the prejudices against the Church would be removed. Truth would dispel the fogs of error which now envelop the non-Catholic mind. But if the Catholic press did nothing else, it would teach our people to think correctly on the many subjects coming daily to their attention.

Is a Catholic daily paper necessary? The same question was put a generation ago about the Catholic school. The shipwreck to the faith of myriads of children whose fathers did not heed the solemn warnings of the Church gives the sad answer. The same arguments were used against the Catholic school at that time as are used against the Catholic daily press today. Catholics were too poor to compete with the costly public schools. They were too widely scattered. The children could be taught religion in the home and church. Nevertheless the Church commanded the people to build schools. Those who disobeyed the injunction paid the fearful penalty. The Church today through her spiritual leaders is urging the faithful to develop the Catholic press. If millions of dollars can be spent in great churches, educational institutions, seminaries, hospitals, etc., why is the greatest weapon of defense and propaganda in the world left in the hands of the foes of religion? "They are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

REV. GEORGE W. O'TOOLE.

THE EVOLUTION OF A MODERATE DRINKER

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor:—On reading The Evolution of a Moderate Drinker in your columns, I was surprised to learn that a "moderate drinker" started at the early age of three years, with his sangaree on being tucked into bed at night—and was further surprised to hear that at the advanced age of twelve he defied the venerable Cardinal Gibbons, and refused to take the pledge that is given to all loyal Catholic boys on receiving the sacrament of confirmation. I hate to think what would have happened to him had he been raised in the old parish that I came from. He no doubt would have followed his revered parent to the woodshed, or whatever place was used to knock foolish ideas out of the heads of wilful boys.

Just another thought: I was amazed to learn that hundreds of thousands of Catholics are drunkards. The author did not use that word, but said they abused liquor, which means the same thing. Just a short year ago we heard these things from the Ku Klux Klan, the Anti-saloon League, the Methodist preachers, from President Hoover's friend, Mr. Angell of the Fellowship Forum, and from Senator Moses of wild jackass fame. It doesn't sound so good coming from a Catholic priest. It looks as though the good father had become intoxicated with prohibition.

JOHN P. MOORE.

A REBEL FROM CONNECTICUT

Norwalk, Conn.

TO the Editor:—Although The Commonweal, as I recall it, was established as an antidote for something called neo-paganism, I could never work up much enthusiasm with this as raison d'être. It has vastly more important reasons for existence. Moreover, I gather that much of its support comes from people who see no cause to become emotional over the possibility that neo-paganism is inimical to either our civilization or to Catholicism.

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Nor do I think that The Commonweal is as much exercised over the ghostly shadow cast by the modern pagans as it was during the swaddling-clothes stage of its career. It has said some kind words about Mr. H. L. Mencken, thereby bringing down upon its head some animadversion on the part of the Catholico-Puritan group. It has published, if my memory serves me, an article by an Anglican, which resulted in its being charged with promoting heresy. All this is much to the good, and connotes progress.

Now, I too might become upset over the neo-pagan on the horizon, if some one would tell me what he looks like. I have asked questions; I have listened in on discussions; I have read somewhat here and there; and the sum total of my gleanings is: (1) that the old "paganus," or his brother, the gentleman who lived on the heath, was a decent fellow, ignorant, perhaps, an Aristotle, an Aeschylus, a Confucius, but still a reasonably decent fellow; (2) that the new pagan, a knowledgeable chap, a Bernard Shaw, a George or Bertrand Russell, is a jolly indecent fellow; and (3) that neo-paganism is the proper term for the lazy Catholic critic to apply to what he does not like.

I may (with customary consistency) be all wrong. It may be that I should be as frightened over the bogy of neo-pagnism as a Daughter of the American Revolution is over the bogy of pacifism. If some kindly soul will tell me why I should be disturbed, I can certainly assure him of at least one attentive auditor.

DONALD POWELL.

READING THE BIBLE IN SCHOOL

Paul, Neb.

TO the Editor:—In an able discussion entitled Reading the Bible in School, appearing in The Commonweal November 27, Mr. Mark O. Shriver quotes a Nebraska court decision to the effect that "Bible reading was declared to be worship and sectarian instruction, and hence prohibited." This is erroneous. The decision referred to was handed down as a commissioner's opinion which, upon appeal, was reversed by Chief Justice C. J. Sullivan, a former son of the Church, who ruled by way of compromise that the Bible may be read with comment in the public schools not as sectarian instruction, but as a text-book of literature, history and the sciences.

REV. A. WAGNER.

RUSSIA AGAINST HEAVEN

Factoryville, Pa.

TO the Editor:—I read with interest the editorial in The Commonweal of November 6, Russia against Heaven. Everything written on Russia nowadays is quite interesting. The public knows so little about the country that anything which tends to give the latest edition of news from over there is gladly accepted. But the editorial named is not as informative as it sounds in the beginning. It is based too strongly on hearsay. There is too much of "perhaps," "we are told," "one is told," "apparently."

And what is the purpose of the paper? Is it non-recognition propaganda combined with watchful waiting? Catholics have been "waiting" for hundreds of years, ever since 1054 A. D. Must they be kept "waiting" until doomsday? Why not substitute prayer for "waiting"? Prayer is a mighty big job. If 350,000,000 people all over the world start to pray daily, or even once a week, for the return to unity of the eastern schismatics, and continue to pray for at least one-quarter of a century (an insignificant space in eternity) what would be the result? "Amen, Amen, I say to you: if you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it to you." That must be the result. In the meantime—faultfinding, finger-pointing, articles in the Catholic press, will not help the spirit of persevering prayer.

Why not give the Russians the same square deal as we give the Negroes, at least, and treat them as "brethren in the Lord"? It is absolutely true that "no aspect of our Lord's ministry on earth is more striking than His consciousness of the purely human differences which would divide His followers into hostile groups. . . . But He was tireless in pointing out to those who would follow that they were dedicated to a love which transcended all natural barriers. . . . He gave His hand to the woman taken in adultery, to the leper and even to Pilate." The above quotation is found in the same number of The Commonweal as the editorial, Russia against Heaven—only a few pages distant. But what a whale of difference only a few pages make!

Why not have an editorial or article on Russia entitled Brethren in the Lord?

REV. PAUL CHUBAROFF.

COMMON-SENSE CHARITY ABROAD

San Francisco, Cal.

TO the Editor:—I think a good answer to Mr. Anderson's article, Common-Sense Charity Abroad, which appeared in The Commonweal for November 13, is contained in the following quotation from Chester Rowell's Comment in the San Francisco Chronicle, written some weeks ago in Pekin and published November 4.

"The American Red Cross declines to participate in Chinese famine relief on the ground that the present conditions are caused by the acts, not of nature but of man, and that the only cure for these acts is a government in China which will not commit nor permit them. The exactions of war lords, the depradations of bandits and confiscatory taxation cannot be cured by feeding victims.

"Nobody questions these facts, though many will disagree with the conclusion. Starvation is still starvation, whether caused by floods or by war and the immediate remedy for starvation is food. We did feed European victims of political conditions after the war. And some of the famine relief work now going on in China is constructive as well as palliative. You can ship a famine refugee to Manchuria for $2.00, and once there he will care for himself and in a few weeks contribute to the famine fund the cost of transporting another refugee. In Manchuria he and his posterity will be self-supporting forever."

If Red Cross funds in China have been misappropriated by native leaders (no one has said so) then the funds should be distributed hereafter through reliable agencies. But surely the starving common folk should not be punished because through no fault of their own they have been driven to subsist on bark and grass and, alas, in some instances, on the flesh of their fellow-men!

HAZEL M. MOORE.

The title page and index for Volume X of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume X in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Michael and Mary

JUST as the Theatre Guild has become producer extraordinary for Bernard Shaw in this country, it is beginning to appear that Charles Hopkins has acquired a similar commission from A. A. Milne. Both The Ivory Door and The Perfect Alibi were produced at Mr. Hopkins's own tiny theatre (and both, be it remarked, with distinct success) and now we have a third Milne play, written this time especially for Mr. Hopkins. Michael and Mary has some startingly good scenes and many poignant and sensitive moments, interspersed with a good deal that borders on the trite in dramatic situation and a good deal that comes dangerously close to the saccharine philosophy that "love is all that matters"—meaning, of course, that the play stirs your sympathies deeply for deeds and decisions which are essentially wrong.

The play furnishes two distinct comments upon a serious decision made and acted upon by Michael and Mary. They are thrown together by chance. Mary has been deserted by her husband, and has no idea where he has gone. She cannot (in England) obtain a divorce on grounds of desertion. And so it comes to pass that a tender and honorable friendship between Michael and Mary grows into a deep love which they can solve (according to their own ideas of courage) only by going through a marriage ceremony in the full knowledge that their act constitutes deliberate bigamy. They feel that, because it involves danger and risk, it is a far more courageous thing to do than to enjoy illicit companionship. The third possible choice they never consider. They "marry." Michael makes notable progress as a writer. They have a son. Thirteen years pass before "deed"—as the Hindus would express it—begins to show its power of everlasting life, its curious quality of permanence in the affairs of men: the past, in a very direct though complicated sense, always molding and directing the present. The nearly forgotten husband returns.

He is, of course (and this is where the play turns trite for a period) a blackmailer and a crook, also a man with a weak heart. He and Michael quarrel. Michael pushes him violently and suddenly finds him dead. Then what to do? The truth means a scandal—unhappiness for their son, David. Falsehood means piling one lie on another. They finally decide, for their son's sake, to string together the chain of lies. In a novel and extraordinary scene, Michael, before calling in the police, rehearses every detail of what he will say—the story of the pretended ex-soldier who comes to beg money, becomes insolent when refused and falls dead when pushed. The police come in. At every instant it seems as if Michael's story would break down through some neglected detail. One of the police sergeants with a turn for writing romantic fiction is certain that the dead man is Mary's former husband—but adds such fantastic embroidery to his theory that the whole suggestion is laughed at. Michael's story holds water. Michael and Mary are safe again—for the moment.

But in their apparent safety they find—being thoroughly sensitive natures—the very reverse of the danger which had once lent an aspect of courage to their great decision. It eats into their souls—until that day, another decade later, when their son announces his secret marriage to a very lovable girl. No longer able to bear the hypocrisy of their concealment, they tell the children the truth, only to find sympathy and approval. The retributive power of "deed" is at last apparently dead forever. But not quite. Just as the last chapter seems to close, the police sergeant of an earlier act, who has always kept in close touch with Michael (admiring him as a "fellow-author") drops in to have a nip of whisky and to tell of a strange discovery. It seems that the soldier imposter found dead in Michael's rooms years before was a notorious criminal—yes, connected with an important gang just brought to justice. The police are trying to piece together his life as part of the evidence. There is indication of an early marriage. Soon they will know to whom. As the play ends, Michael and Mary are once more faced with danger—with a public disclosure of all that seemed buried in their lives, with danger, too, for their son and his new wife. "Deed" thus still lives on, demanding its inevitable toll of consequences.

It is important to give this brief outline of plot in order to indicate the double comment which Milne makes. He takes you inside the minds of Michael and Mary. He shows you the devious processes by which they find a mental justification for what they want to do. He shows you all the sensitive fineness of their affection, and why they choose the way they do out of their supposed impasse. In the ultimate approval of their son and his wife, Milne seems to indicate his own approval. And yet, with a touch that is almost Greek, he shows the nemesis. The living lie will out—no matter how great the first provocation, nor how pitiful the extenuating circumstances.

The Greek influence is, I believe, important in estimating this play—that doctrine of retribution upon which Greek tragedy is built, and which was to find its only solution in the deeper understanding of Christianity—the possibility of the forgiveness of the guilt of sin without, however, escape from the temporal punishment which might be its due. Michael and Mary is essentially a Greek tragedy, ending in that (to the Greeks) insoluble conflict between mistaken deed and its retribution. Because of the very tenderness and humanity with which it is written, it is a play of misleading values—exaggerated in its premises and never more than half true in its conclusions. More things than human love must count if life is to reveal its richest mysteries and its magic truth.

In the casting of the play, Mr. Hopkins has done an almost perfect job. Michael in the hands of Henry Hull becomes an intense and vivid part. Edith Barrett as Mary gives an amazing portrait of a woman to whom all lengths of devotion—even mistaken devotion—are possible. The minor parts are taken with a rare perfection of ensemble—well worthy of the delicate shadings which only Milne and Barrie can give to characters. (At the Guild Theatre.)

Red Rust

AT LAST we have what appears to be—and probably is—an authentic interpretation of the mind of Russia today. It is an interpretation by Russians of the present régime—V. Kirchon and A. Ouspensky— with a stamp of Russian approval upon it. Red Rust was first produced in 1927 at the Moscow State Proletarian Theatre, and since there is no record of its having been suppressed, we may suppose that, like most important plays, it reflects the feelings of its Russian audiences. It is a sprawling, vivid tragedy, filled with the coarseness and brutality of speech that inheres in its theme, and shot through

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with a turgid and acrid atmosphere. It is a play which no one seriously interested in modern Russia can well afford to miss—though, needless to say, it is not precisely a holiday fable for children!

The theme is this: what happens to a country when red rust begins to eat into the sharp metal of revolution. The Russia we see through this play is not a land of happiness. It is a place of drab and utter disillusionment, where the flames of enthusiasm have become mere embers, and where everyone is asking himself "what next?" Its most curious quality is its lack of the kind of propaganda we might expect in a play produced in and for Russia. Possibly to Russian ears there are many moments of inspiration in the impassioned declaimings of those few souls who still cling to ideals. There are many passages which, to a Russian, might say: "Behold these weaklings who are degrading all the fine things for which we fought: behold the type of men who lack the courage to live through the dull days of reaction: behold the men who damage us in the eyes of the rest of the world! Shall we let this red rust eat into our souls, or shall we strip it off, be patient even in this transition phase, and keep the torch lighted?" In this sense, the play is distinctly propaganda. But the arguments it presents, both to the emotions and to the intelligence, seem flat and unconvincing. This red rust we are shown with such merciless candor is a far different thing from the dark night of the soul experienced by individual mystics. What we see is not so much the trial of fortitude as the active forces of disintegration at work—the forces that make a pack of men turn upon each other like beasts. It is not the continental army at Valley Forge; it is Danton and his friends under the sinister shadow of the guillotine.

The method of the play is simple. It tells the story of one Terekhine—a soldier who fought well in the early days of the revolution and has been living since on his past glories, a brutal sensualist, tolerated by his comrades of the party simply because he has shown the power to get grain from the peasants. Essentially a bully, Terekhine has taken to live with him the unfortunate Nina, whom he tortures in secret. He has long since deserted his peasant wife, and flaunts before Nina the many other women with whom he has affairs. In the end he kills her—but alleges that she has committed suicide. How his treachery is unearthed, how he tries to defend himself against the mob, and how he himself is at last brought to crude justice —this is the plot substance of the play. But interwoven with this, we have a dozen cross-glimpses of the mass life of student Russia—the disheartened poets, the group trying to sustain their courage in the gymnasium, the sordid parties in the student cells, the conflicts of principles and ideals breaking forth in the trial of Terekhine, the courage and the cowardice, the cringing fears, the desperate recklessness, the individual tortured souls, all the horror and pity of twisted purpose, false hopes and distorted mentalities. It is a picture vastly more terrifying than the flames of revolution. It is Russia at the nadir.

In all of this, the Theatre Guild Studio group convey an immense feeling of vitality. Both in staging and scenic effect, the play is an achievement of splendid proportions. Herbert Bieberman as Terekhine, Gale Sondergaard as Nina, Luther Adler as Piotr and Franchot Tone as Fedor are among the many who give as honest and as striking performances as you are apt to find anywhere on our stage today. There is not an amateurish bit of work in the whole performance. The play, as they put it on, is a revelation of dramatic power as applied to the interpretation of the mass mind in death. (At the Martin Beck Theatre.)

BOOKS

Inventory of Science

The Universe around Us, by James Jeans. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

SIR JAMES JEANS, the author of this book which tells in a popular way the recent progress of astronomy, has himself made prominent contributions to physics and astronomy. After teaching for some years at Princeton University and in England, he has taken up his residence in the latter country as secretary of the Royal Society.

This book presents the picture of a subject which is in a most rapid development, and gives information of the most interesting kind.

The growth of astronomical knowledge in the last thirty years is due to several causes. The technical improvement in telescopes and the application of photography has shown half a million times as many stars as are visible to the naked eye. A recognition of the structure of the solar system was relatively easy, because the distances and sizes of the planets could be measured without difficulty, but it needed much more powerful instruments to do the same for the fixed stars. This having been done, it is possible to give their grouping in space. The sun with all its planets is thereby seen to be part of a huge system, the galactic system, formed by other fixed stars which are only other suns. At still farther distances, there are many similar systems of stars moving in space.

The next important step in astronomy is due to the increasing knowledge of physics gained in the laboratory. The laws which govern the emission of light by hot bodies enable us to find out the state of the outer parts of the stars. This shows that the coldest stars visible have a surface temperature of about 2,500° (about the same as the wire in an incandescent lamp) the sun about 6,000° (an arc lamp has about 4,000°) the hottest star about 28,000°. The interiors must be much hotter. Furthermore it develops that the size of most of the stars is about the same as that of the sun; a few are smaller, and a few up to 500 times as large. It is even possible to determine the weight of many of the stars.

While the outer part of all the stars is in a state of vapor, their centre seems to be liquid. A few structures (called nebulae) are still in a completely gaseous state, and seem to be the future breeding places of stars. This brings us to a new subject. Jeans shows first how it is possible by a number of processes to compute limits within which the age of the earth as a solid body, the age of the sun and of the stars, must lie. From the different objects in the sky which, as he shows, are other stellar systems of different ages, he reconstructs the history of our stellar system—as we might, by seeing in one moment a child, a boy, a grown man and an old man, reconstruct the average development of man.

In discussing the probable life history of the earth, Jeans discards the Kant-Laplace theory, according to which the sun once extended through all the space now occupied by the planets, and left them behind in contracting to its present size. He thinks that it is more probable that the planets owe their existence to an eruption from the sun. Under these circumstances, the existence of planets on which life can exist must be a very rare occurrence, not as if every fixed star were, as a sun, surrounded by planets.

There are two items interesting from a philosophical standpoint. Einstein's theory of general relativity has made it extremely probable that the world has a finite size. Further-

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more, reasons which have been given before but which Jeans sums up very convincingly make it highly improbable that the world has gone on since infinite time, and will go on in cycles to infinite time. So, purely scientific reasoning leads to results which Catholic philosophy had proclaimed long ago.

The whole story is told here in a fascinating and really understandable manner. An enormous amount of information has been packed into the book and on this account, though each part is written in language which can be easily grasped, I do not think that it will make quick reading for the layman. Beautiful photographs of celestial formations adorn the text.

There are, in conclusion, a few points to which I would object. In a historical introduction Jeans gives on the whole a fair account of Galileo, but he follows the present custom of making Giordano Bruno a martyr to his scientific convictions. These in reality played no part in his condemnation, which was brought about by his pantheistic doctrines and by his attitude against the Church, of which he spoke in terms similar to Voltaire. This view follows from the fact that Bruno was burned in 1600, sixteen years before the Roman commissions concerned themselves with Copernicus and Galileo. I wish somebody would publish an authoritative investigation of Bruno's trial, as has been done with so beneficial results on Galileo. There are a few other remarks about life in the book which I fear will make good copy for headlines and give a wholly wrong impression of a work which is both scientific and popular in the best sense.

KARL F. HERZFELD.

The Mediaeval Time

The Middle-Ages, by Edward Maslin Hulme. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $5.50.

The Gothick North, by Sacheverell Sitwell. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

Science and Thought in the Fifteenth Century, by Lynn Thorndike. New York: Columbia University Press. $4.75.

The Vampire in Europe, by Montague Summers. $5.00; Crime and Punishment in Germany, by Theodor Hampe. $3.00. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated.

INTEREST in the middle-ages is certainly not diminishing. Witness the writing of volume after volume devoted either to the period as a whole or to some more or less curious aspect of it. Indeed the science of mediaevalism has taken on such dimensions that it would be folly for anyone—not to mention the present reviewer—to attempt to express a critical verdict on new books. What follows is designed to be merely a résumé of selected publications.

Professor Hulme's substantial treatise is the modern text-book, outfitted with helps for the student but none the less readable. It divides the years between 300 and 1300 into two periods, in both of which the Church is seen as the central social institution. The author's comment is guarded but almost invariably fair, and his bibliographies devote plenty of room to Catholic authorities. While the judgments arrived at may not always be definitive, one feels that they (and the volume as a whole) are about as satisfactory as any available in so brief a compass.

In The Gothick North, Mr. Sitwell appears as a poet off on an archaeological holiday. Written in a mood of languorous refinement, his most unusual book avoids the topics (cathedrals, stained glass, guild halls) which dozens of authors have "worn threadbare" and draws elusive substance from the lore of tapestries and miniatures. He seeks to evoke from a thousand memorials the life and dreams of the "fair-haired" people who worked beside the Italians and the Slavs to create Europe. Their civilization is seen as reposing upon a foundation of certain simple ideals: bravery in men, race-perpetuation in women. His analysis of the significance of Gothic costume seems a bit of remarkable poetic insight, and in general his art comment has the great merit of being itself artistic. Sometimes this curiously chased and interwoven prose appears to dissolve in pure fantasy, but it comes round sharply and suddenly to the definite results of a process of Einfühlung. The best part of the book deals with matters personally discovered and realized. There is, in particular, a fresh and fascinating chapter on the monasteries of Portugal. Mr. Sitwell is not concerned with the central institutions of the middle-ages. Frankly professing his own lack of faith, he finds one-half of religion superstition and the other half incomprehensible. Even so, the tempo and spirit of the volume remind one not unfrequently of Jeremy Taylor.

Professor Thorndike, delver and note-taker, concerns himself with diverse aspects of science and learning during the fifteenth century. His volume is a series of essays not closely interrelated but yet made to revolve round a central idea. "Candid inquirers," he says, "are becoming increasingly convinced that the true renaissance occurred around the twelfth rather than the fifteenth century, that mediaeval Latin and Scholasticism possessed great merits, that Gothic painting has been neglected just as Gothic architecture and sculpture once were, that democracy and popular education declined rather than advanced in early modern times, that organized charity and care for public health received much attention in mediaeval towns, whose unsanitary streets seem largely a figment of the modern imagination." His book is therefore an attempt to place definite achievements of the fifteenth century in their proper perspective and to correct the distorted notion of a "rebirth of learning" which bellicose humanism bequeathed to later eras. It is a collection of distinguished and valuable papers, which no other American scholar I know of could have written. The essays on Leonard of Bertiplaga, John Michael Albert and Lippo Brandolini are virtual monographs, and the more cursory discussions of general scientific topics are admirable introductions to untilled intellectual fields. We hope that many an American professor will profit by Science and Thought in the Fifteenth Century.

The information which the Reverend Montague Summers has collected regarding vampires, ghosts and sundry other grewsome phenomena is almost the eighth wonder of the age. In the present volume legends and tales from all countries of Europe resurrect the horror of the "wandering corpse." Never was there a more erudite marshaling of bibliographies, or a more graphic presentation of evidence. Accordingly, the book will be of great value to students of literature and culture. But let no one doubt that the author is in earnest. "That a large number of cases of vampirism must be accounted for as certain," he tells us, "only the most prejudiced will deny." He concedes that much of the belief in vampires is pure superstition, but asserts that it opens the door wide to the machinations of the demon. All of us will agree, at any rate, that the tale here related confirms the truth of the sad condition of the human race. Then some of us may legitimately add the wish that Dr. Summers had been less comprehensive and more critical. His book is certainly an interesting commentary on one aspect of mediaeval life.

Crime and Punishment in Germany, Dr. Theodor Hampe's summary of what was done with malefactors in Nuremberg

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during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, is an excellent example of how a special monograph can prove absorbing and important. No other book in general circulation gives so clear an idea of the pre-modern attitude toward crime. It is true that Nuremberg was an unusually enlightened and well-governed city; but there was an abundance of burglars and murderers, convicted on the evidence of personal confessions secured through torture and often executed with what seems to us horrible cruelty. Mercy nevertheless had its day, too, and the care expended upon the spiritual well-being of the condemned may probably be accepted as the source whence more recent floods of pity have flowed. We predict that this scholarly book, which has been well translated by Malcolm Letts, will find numerous interested readers.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Mystical Tragedy

La Joie, by Georges Bernanos. Paris: Librarie Plon.

IN L'IMPOSTURE, of which the present work is the sequel, Bernanos has given us a sombre chronicle of the Abbé Cenabre's progress in apostasy. He stands as the arch figure of the hollow hypocrisy of that group that live within the shelter of the Church, unctuous, spinning intrigues, Brahmans and Pharisees: the mean and time-serving journalist, Pernichon; the worldly and complaisant ecclesiastic, Bishop Espelette, who is proud of boasting he is "a man of time"; the venomous Catani, anonymous slanderer and betrayer; the sensualist Guérou, whose literary reputation is a sufficient tithe to excuse his Laodicean attitude to the policemen of orthodoxy; the devotee, Madam Jérôme, who is a vaporish mixture of piety, perfume and poetry. "Néant," "mensonge"—emptiness and lies. The humble Abbé Chevance—"confessor of nurse-maids" as some wit has called him; "one of those simple men," Bernanos himself tells us, "born . . . to lavish upon others all the holy forces of their nature, all the genius of their charity"—sees truly through l'imposture, penetrates with his "divine ignorance" the ruses of sin. "You are laid bare to my eyes as a child to the eyes of its mother," is his anguished cry on that fatal night when L'Abbé Cenabre declares his apostasy. "I see into you; I see the very soul of you perishing."

It is this that makes the love which he shares so costly to the saint. He has seen the face of sin, he has uncovered the void and the death of its brooding malignancy, he has looked into the abyss of hell. He cannot behold his fellow-men except under the shadow of that sinister pall that weighs upon them, the corruption that the dark angel has sown in their flesh. "Like rats," the rude Abbé Chevance declares, "our sins are, as devouring and as cruel as rats; and those who love them become the same." Dying, he has passed his mission on to the gentle girl, Chantal de Clergerie, made her the mystical heir of his charity, transferred to her childlike and fragile spirit, through some inexplicable inspiration of Providence, that burden that has almost overborne Chevance's own rude strength, the dreadful secret of the Impostor, the Abbé Cenabre.

In La Joie, the spiritual life of Chantal unfolds itself like a delicate lyric, a lovely canticle. It is only gradually that the revelation of evil, the stirring of the vast shadows that encompass mankind, close upon her fragile peace. She perceives sin obscurely, only in its effect, its "tristesse"—"the sadness of so many wasted hours, of vain ventures, of bitterness and enmities, of ambitions as immovable as stone and as light as dreams." To know man, Bernanos tells us, we must enter, by a miracle of compassion, into this sadness. And Chantal has recognized and accepted this sadness, simply and unquestioningly, as she has accepted everything else. "She has discovered a world in which the moralist advances only with feet of lead, she has penetrated in a flash, as if by a divine skip, the sorrow of men." Possessed of their mournful secret, it is her mission to dispense to men her *joy*, "a joy as mysterious as their sadness."

It is as if reluctantly that the Divine Mercy that has sheltered her asks finally for the consummating sacrifice, unmasks for her the hate and the design of sin, opens plainly to her eyes "the frightful solitude of the children of God." For a moment she wavers, thinks of flight. It is the Agony of the Garden. But, in a critical state of despair, "la pensée que, dans un instant, elle ne pourrait sans doute plus rien pour ces êtres, qu'elle aurait perdu mille fois plus que leur chétive présence, le secret de leur tristesse, de leur misère, de leur mensonge, que le céleste lien de la pitié serait entre eux à jamais rompu, qu'elle ne pourrait plus les plaindre, partager leur souffrance obscure, la traversa comme un éclair." And she accepts the Passion.

It is on the last dolorous way that the routes of the two meet, the little "Rien du tout" ascending to Calvary and the Impostor descending into the night of madness. And in the humble girl, as in the rude Abbé Chevance, the stubborn rationalist who has searched in vain to pierce the secret of the saints comes face to face with the Divine Love he has always denied. It is the climax of the sublime drama. To Chantal, the meaning of her life is revealed; to the Abbé Cenabre, the riddle of God. Behind her she draws him to the summit of her sacrifice, and in her final Joy it crumbles at last, that Imposture, that "néant," that "mensonge," before the Divine Love that is light and life and truth.

DOUGLAS POWERS.

Critical Art

The Man behind the Book, by Henry van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

DR. VAN DYKE says: "Understanding is the first thing that we owe to a book and to the writer behind it. . . . We should disregard the ticker reports of the literary stock market, the propaganda of the cliques and coteries, the flaming book notices written in the explosive style used in advertising refrigerators, tooth-paste, and vacuum cleaners. We should not be swayed by the verdicts of the Literary Guilders, or even by the awards of academic prize committees. We must read with our own eyes. We must try to see books as they really are; parts of life, noble or mean or base." This independent and refreshing declaration establishes at once the tone of the thirteen essays which follow. They are all marked by the ripe judgment of a thinker, the reverence of one who refuses to see the eternal decencies outlawed from life and literature without a protest, the instinct for style of a poet.

They reveal a wide range of taste: Chaucer, Poe, Whitman, Edgar Lee Masters and The Spoon River Anthology, Wordsworth and diction, Byron, Hazlitt, Shelley, and Carlyle, while under the caption Four Noteworthy Modern Novels, Dr. van Dyke considers The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, The Bridge of San Luis Rey, and Death Comes for the Archbishop. The expression always vigorous, the scholarship never heavy, the humor keen, the irony biting. Dr. van Dyke's tastes are extraordinarily catholic and he insists brilliantly that they are limited by no prepossessions for the old,

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if it is bad work, and no prejudice against the new, if it is good work. "The only reason why I cannot like some of the new books is because they are so unmistakably old, born old, old as Sodom and Gomorrah, old as the Greek sophists, old as that primal pessimist, the ape, who always chatters, often misbehaves and is usually sad or spiteful. But the new books which are free from these faults, and have virtues of their own, are a joy to my mind, all the more because they are new, because they belong to the very strange and interesting age in which you and I are living."

Dr. van Dyke does not consider Poe a great poet, nor does he accept the Whitman tradition without a challenge. He rejects those frequent Whitmanian ebullitions in "semi-intoxicated prose" which it is "an abuse of language to call poetry," and he ventures on a parody of Walt's "agglutinative" verse which does more to debunk the Sage of Camden than a volume of serious discussion. He is generous without idolatry; a critic, not a worshiper.

He speaks of Hazlitt's gusto. The word belongs to Dr. van Dyke himself. He knows books and loves them, and the "men behind them" have for a lifetime been as real to him as his own associates at Princeton. He writes of them with understanding, sympathy and a zest which is irresistible and which sends us back to the originals with new insight, fresh enthusiasm and a reorganized sense of values.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

The Dice

Luck, by Lothrop Stoddard. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

WHEN did the world first become aware of luck? Rather, when did we first call this unknown quantity by the name of luck? Chaucer and Shakespeare were free in their use of the term; so for that matter were the Latin and Greek poets. By its "free" conception, the idea was germane and grateful to fanciful thought. Not so with scientific thought. The nomen magnum of scientific thinking, Aristotle, drilled it into the race's early consciousness that events have beginnings, middles and ends. And though luck, like ghosts, survived the centuries, his point of view has its modern proponents. Luck, they say, resolves itself into knowledge about operating causes. Establish all the causes as facts, and you can demonstrate the result, and variations to boot. In some future millennium, when each avenue of human activity has come under the microscopic and telescopic vision of specialists, the word will have no significance, but merely an archaic flavor. "Luck" will pass out of the sphere of events because it will have developed into known facts and demonstrable results.

As a matter of fact, the newer knowledge does not confirm this older logic: rather, it elevates chance or luck into a law. The most certain thing in the world is uncertainty—on that you can bank, with a low discount and rediscount rate. And there is a constantly increasing amount of this currency daily pouring into our laps from the cosmic coffers. Events for next month's activities are more uncertain than events for tomorrow's diary. Let us hear a recognized man of the scientific cloth expound: Dr. D. W. Swann, prominent chemist of the Bartol Research Foundation, who is quoted in the book here under review:

"We now know that the results of many purely physical phenomena, such as the transmission of heat, depend upon what science inadequately calls the 'law of probability,' which is just another name for chance or luck."

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This law of probability, along with "the random element," is gaining increasing attention in the scientific world. What scientists almost succeeded in organizing yesterday was disheveled by the passage of time.

"Chance is absurd, regarded as a contingency; but it is precise as a measure," speaks the famous Dr. A. S. Eddington. "The practical measure of the random element, which can increase in the universe but can never decrease, is called enthropy. The law that enthropy always increases holds, I think, the supreme position among the laws of nature."

Luck, then, is wisdom after the fact and superstition before the fact. It is absurd as a contingency, to be sure, and yet it is the essence of all contingencies. For, as George Santayana liked to put it: "Events in the long run will falsify any policy." The casual rhythm of chance is anathema to the well-tempered rhythm of the scientific method. Hence we cannot draw—and act upon—the moral continuously thrown up to us by an examination of all history. The best we can still do is to "look wise" when the emergency hits us—which Mr. Santayana is fond of illustrating with the spectacle of Negroes shooting dice. They will "order" the dice to come seven . . . and, at least with the experts, seven does turn up. "We are said to control," sarcastically commented the Spanish sceptic, "whatever obeys us."

Mr. Stoddard's book does not attempt to explain what luck is, but what luck has done, in and to the lives of prominent persons, historical and contemporary. It is very agreeable and very entertaining reading.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

Paris Long Ago

The House of Memories, by Barbara Wilson. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

THIS is a refreshing book to encounter amid the worthless trash in the way of personal remembrances with which we are being inundated nowadays. To anyone who knew the Paris of pre-war times, it brings back floods of memories, of long-ago pleasures and impressions. It has one defect: it is too short for the varied subjects which it covers, and in certain passages it is too superficial. However, this superficiality can be accounted for by the breeding which stands out so prominently in all its pages. Lady Barbara Wilson could have said a great deal more, and if she has not done so, it is because she is so kind, kind as only those can be who were reared in the principle that one must never hurt anyone, even those who deserve to be hurt.

The descriptions of life in a Paris flat when central heating and bathtubs were unknown, and servants were plentiful, are extremely true and amusing, as well as the vivid lines dedicated to the then fashionable school for young girls in Paris, the Cours Knoertzer in the Rue Du Colysée, of which the Directrice seemed to have mastered the secret of perpetual youth. Equally entertaining is Lady Barbara's appreciation of the sacred rules under which, in pre-war France, marriages were arranged. In a more serious strain are the impressions of people then prominent in Parisian society, and of the author's visits to great French country houses, like the castle of Chantilly and that of Vaux le Vicomte, the former residence of the famous Fouquet of Louis XIV's days, now the property of the millionaire sugar refiner, M. Sommier.

It is all so charmingly described that one puts down the volume with considerable regret.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

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Briefer Mention

Early Candlelight, by Maud Hart Lovelace. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

WHEN the DuGays and other fellow-squatters were banished from the territory protected by the garrison and guns of Fort Snelling, they went further up the Mississippi River and formed the settlement that was later to become St. Paul. This is the historical background for Maud Hart Lovelace's pleasing idyll. She has combined the elements of description and narrative so skilfully that the reader's interest is impartially divided between the life at a military frontier post, the comings and goings of voyageurs and friendly Indians, the enforced amity of Chippewa and Sioux, on one hand and on the other the course of Dee DuGay's burgeoning into womanhood and the happy realization of her love for M'sieu Page, the territory's great and beloved factor. The charming country from the St. Croix River to Lac Qui Parle is made vivid in a series of fine passages, and Mrs. Lovelace has also done good work with her minor characters—Eva Boles, the fastidious and puritanical wife of an army officer; Dee's brother, Narcisse, the harum-scarum voyageur whose liquor selling brought down the wrath of the fort authorities on the DuGay houshold; and old Denis DuGay and his wife, Tess, who were respectively first in demand at dances and sickbeds.

Johnny Reb, by Marie Conway Oemler. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

SWEETNESS and nobility and cheerfulness are pedestaled here. The various strands of the characters' lives are tied finally in the happy knot of matrimony. Yet beneath their saccharine ideality, the characters—Johnny Reb, the Civil War veteran who becomes a mule-car driver and a town favorite; Misamy, the sweetly suffering woman who sews and embroiders while she watches the placid flow of the life from which invalidism bars her; Stephen Ambry, the physician and pioneer in medical research; the mill children, Dilsy and Lonny, and their guardian, Martha, a "ig'runt old woman"; the Damyankee from Massachusetts transplanted to South Carolina; and Maryville, a personified town of the foothills—do live and are real. One recognizes them as drawn, though slightly blurred in transposition, from life as it was lived in thousands of cities and villages just emerging from the shadows of a fratricidal war. And there is about Mrs. Oemler's narrative a style of leisureliness and repetition which, because leisureliness and repetition were notably characteristic of these people, match her theme. These qualifications, then, make Johnny Reb a rather unusual book in this era of stark realism. Many will find in it pleasant and gentle entertainment.

The Trophies, with other Sonnets, by José Maria de Heredia; translated by John Myers O'Hara and John Hervey. New York: The John Day Company. $3.50.

ALTHOUGH they leave something to be desired, these are the best translations of the sonnets the reviewer has seen. Of course, it is hard to see how we can ever have wholly satisfactory translations of Heredia: the tonal qualities which distinguish his French are precisely those most difficult to suggest in English. We can, however, expect translations which will stand on their own merits as poetry, meanwhile reflecting the excellences and beauties of the original, and in this direction John Myers O'Hara and John Hervey have advanced decidedly farther than any of their predecessors.

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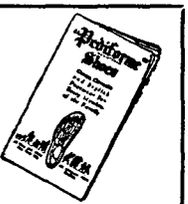

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Heredity and Parenthood, by Samuel Christian Schmucker. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

DR. SCHMUCKER gives a very simple and reliable account of our present knowledge regarding the facts of heredity and discusses the proper relations of the sexes to each other prior to marriage. Recognizing the great influence of environment in determining development, and the valuable results obtained in the application of this knowledge, the author stresses heredity as basic and all-important. In his account of the discovery of the cellular, he emphasizes perhaps unduly the rôle played by Weismann. He discusses parenthood in the entire scale of animal life—always in a reverent spirit, and in language free from the crudities which characterize many books dealing with this topic. He upholds the ideals of permanent marriage and the sanctity of the home, and vigorously opposes the degrading idea of "companionate marriage." Only on a few points is the author at variance with the teaching of the Catholic Church: unfortunately his attitude toward birth control is one of them.

Blair's Attic, by Joseph C. Lincoln and Freeman Lincoln. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated, $2.00.

AMONG the salt inlets and little bayberry-crowned hills that spell Cape Cod, stood the long, low, white-clapboarded house of the Blairs. And the answer to the strange happenings that took place in the musty old attic of Blair's house is the story which the Lincolns, father and son, have presented. This latest novel from the indefatigable Lincoln pen has the familiar ingredients: the wreck of a bark back in 1883, a Chinese chest, with other salvage, stored in the attic, a message from the grave, "one foot, one hand!" leading to an idol's necklace of great price, and the successful sale of antiques down in 1927. It is readable, as the Lincolns always are.

The Son of Apollo, by Frederick J. E. Woodbridge. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

IT MUST suffice to say that the present curiously named study of Platonism is hardly what one would have expected from a man of Dean Woodbridge's position and attainments. Born of an endeavor to "write down" the Dialogues to below the level of the average college student in the classics, it bristles with curious sentences like the following: "There are many mathematicians who are not virtuous, who are notoriously queer and unsociable. Yet society keeps on putting its faith in men who do not double squares by doubling their sides." This obviously seems, one regrets to say, a "Will Durant" which got away to a bad start.

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